

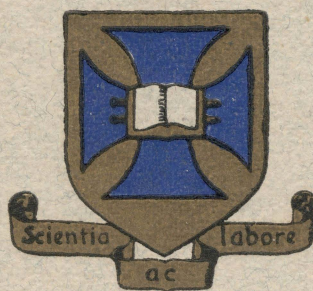
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GALMAHRA

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*The Magazine of the University
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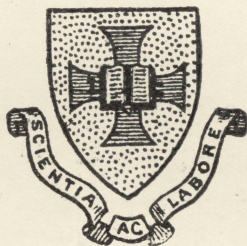


OCTOBER, 1931

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GAILMAHRA

*The Magazine of the University
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Union*



The opinions expressed in this magazine are entirely personal, and may or may not correspond to those held by any individual or organisation within the University.

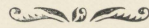
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CALMAIRA

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1931

No. 3

American Universities

By Thomas Penberthy Fry.

"It is in Universities that . . . the soul of a people mirrors itself."

Viscount Haldane, "Universities and National Life."

AN increasingly large number of Americans are seeking a College education. In the year 1927-8 more than 900,000 young men and women were enrolled in the 1,076 Colleges, Universities, and Professional Schools of America. To-day the number is well nigh a million. In the world's history there has been no similar example of the giving of some sort of advanced education to such an enormous number of young people. The phenomenon has its roots deep in American idealism, which proclaims a College education to be an inalienable right of every citizen. To the artisan and middle classes a College education is implicit in the "American Standard of Living," which is sacrosanct. In a democratic country such a widespread passion for intellectual improvement cannot, and should not, be ignored.

American Colleges, therefore, cannot restrict themselves to students who are mature. The boys and girls who come from the High Schools have not attained to a uniform standard, since High Schools in America are locally-controlled institutions. Consequently, even the best of American Colleges devote one of the four undergraduate years to the rectification in the freshmen of the deficiencies of their respective secondary school educations. The junior colleges devote two, and in a few cases even three, years to that task. Another complication results from the fact that American Colleges and Universities cannot restrict themselves to subjects of University value. Democracy needs many types of opportunity and training. Consequently, most of the

American Colleges and Universities have been led into offering courses in many kinds of subject and activity—intellectual, vocational and technical—that is, in any kind of subject or activity to which an academic twist can be given.

The result is that an overwhelming proportion of these eleven hundred institutions—to a certain extent, but not wholly—train their undergraduates either in University subjects in a secondary school manner, or in subjects wholly vocational or technical in a manner which purports to be academic. These thousand junior colleges do not purport to train advanced scholars. Their task is that of merely introducing the twentieth century generations of Americans into the portals of institutions of higher learning. Their baccalaureates are not rewards of deep scholarship in the same sense as a first or second class in an Oxford final honours examination for the Arts baccalaureate can be said to be such a reward. Nobody in America ever pretends that an A.B. degree from Hiram College is equivalent to an A.B. degree from Harvard, Yale, Swarthmore, or Princeton. On the other hand, nobody in America doubts that Hiram College—here cited as being representative of a thousand junior colleges which cannot be placed in the front rank of learned institutions—are performing a high social and educational function. The fact that these thousand junior colleges are amorphous compounds of our secondary schools, our undergraduate Universities, and our Technical Colleges cannot detract from the fact that they are educating a whole nation to a higher level

than any nation of such a size ever has been educated.

Therefore, in America the vital question is not whether a man or woman has or has not been graduated from college, but is whether his college is a junior college or a college of University standard, that is, a senior college, of which there are about a hundred.

Oxford and Cambridge are famed for inculcating into their graduates something which may be expressed by the German word "*Bildung*"—knowledge, culture, power of expression, character and manners—resulting in a rare balancing and maturing of those qualities which are calculated to equip men to meet with dignity and competence the responsibilities of life. America's thousand junior colleges make no pretensions to the filling of any comparable role. Neither do the German "*Gymnasien*," "*Realgymnasien*," and "*Oberrealschulen*." Britain's provincial Universities, such as Leeds, Birmingham, and Bristol, do aim at achieving the ideal set by Britain's two ancient Universities, but in accomplishment they lag somewhat behind them. America's hundred senior colleges and Universities give to their baccalaureate graduates an education roughly equivalent to that received by pass graduates of Britain's provincial Universities. To be sure, the system of "free electives" has made it possible, in some of these senior colleges, to count towards a baccalaureate courses in hotel management, library science, pharmacy, dentistry, town-planning, domestic science, journalism, optometry, and similarly diverse subjects. But at senior colleges it is possible to be graduated after having studied nothing but serious University subjects at a University standard. There are, however, some twenty or thirty colleges—such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Swarthmore, Vanderbilt, Amherst, Williams, Wisconsin, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Wellesley, to select a few at random—which do not confuse the pursuit of a liberal education by vocational studies. If an honours baccalaureate graduate of one of this small group of senior colleges obtains honours "*summa cum laude*," "*magna cum laude*," or "*cum laude*," he or she should be ranked with baccalaureate

graduates obtaining first, second or third class honours respectively in final honours examinations in any of Britain's provincial Universities. Sarcasm which, by means of a sweeping generalisation, discredits all the baccalaureates of every American undergraduate University—technically known in America as "college"—commits the same mistake as the person who throws out the baby with the water of the bath.

The greatest virtue of the Oxford and Cambridge academic methods and standards is that their B.A. final honours system places the world's premier hall-mark upon able amateurs. Abraham Flexner, in his "*Universities*," testifies that "there is no sounder or saner type than this unique combination of scholar, scientist, and man of the world." The current of German academic tradition which runs through the American college tradition prevents even Harvard, Yale, or Princeton baccalaureates from representing quite as much as do those of Oxford or Cambridge.

One phenomenon of American life—a well-nigh universal striving for learning—has made it impossible to restrict all American colleges to a limited group of students in pursuit of a limited number of academic subjects taught at a high University level. Another phenomenon has made of the graduate schools of American Universities, in many instances, institutions of the higher learning whose achievements have elevated them well beyond most similar institutions elsewhere. That phenomenon is the great value placed, alike by University, industry, and the public, upon the scientifically trained expert, whether his field be science, engineering, medicine, law, or a branch of liberal learning, such as philosophy, languages or history. Highly-paid fellowships provide facilities for the training of research scholars, and, when trained, research experts are given responsible positions in industry, the Universities, the professions and the Government service. Thus, the pre-eminence of the medical schools of Johns Hopkins and Harvard and of the Harvard Law School over British and other American schools of medicine and law is due to the fact that their professorial

staffs have bent their energies towards the training of research students to satisfy the mammoth American demand for the scientifically trained expert.

Undoubtedly much shoddy work is done. Many of the problems investigated are unworthy of University research. Thus, "Trends in hosiery advertising," "A time and motion comparison of four methods of dishwashing," "Time cycles in women's undergarments," "An analysis of paring knives in terms of time and material wastes in paring potatoes," "Administrative problems of the High School cafeteria," "The technique of estimating school equipment costs," "A scale for measuring anteroposterior posture of ninth grade boys," have been some of the weighty problems solved by Master of Arts candidates.

When shoddy work is done the reason generally is that the particular graduate school concerned is of inferior status. This may be because it purports to be a graduate school of journalism, domestic science, dentistry, or of some other subject which should never have been considered as a higher branch of learning requiring advanced research in the same sense as medicine, science, and law are higher branches of learning. Here again, as in considering the American undergraduate University, it is vital to know not only what graduate (or, as we say, "post-graduate") degree an American has, but also from which of the two-score institutions which confer higher degrees he or she obtained it. Thus, Johns Hopkins and Harvard in medicine; Harvard in law; Winconsin, Yale and California in forestry; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in engineering; Harvard, Michigan, California, Yale, Columbia, Chicago in various branches of science; Columbia in architecture: are outstanding research institutions, world-famed. As an example of how important is the status of the particular institution, consider the difference between a Jur. D. of Iowa and a Sc. Jur. D. of Harvard. The Sc. Jur. D. of Harvard carries in America a hall-mark similar to that carried by the D.C.L. of Oxford and the L.L.D. of Cambridge in the British Commonwealth. The Jur. D. of Iowa, or of several law schools of a similar

type, cannot be acquired without intelligence and hard work, but the requirements are equivalent only to the requirements for a Harvard L.L.B. Frequently, therefore, the holder of a Jur. D. degree precedes subsequently to the degree of L.L.M. at Harvard, and thence to the degree of Sc. Jur. D. Of all the graduate Universities Harvard is outstanding in that almost all its graduate schools are in the world's highest rank, yet even with respect to Harvard it is unwise to generalise. Its graduate schools of journalism, architecture, and dentistry cannot, in the nature of things, be brilliant research institutions of higher learning. A doctorate in journalism does not represent the same type or standard of training and learning as does a doctorate in science.

The graduate school is by far the most meritorious part of the American University. Most of the work done in a very large number of the graduate schools is of high quality, and the output is high also in quantity.

In many diverse fields—for example, physics, astronomy, economics, political science, sanitation, legal history and legal science, experimental medicine, English history, and even mediaeval and classical studies—the most productive centres of research are in America. Amazing progress has been made in providing scientists with laboratories and scholars with books. A great English historian, the late Professor T. F. Tout, in his "History and Historians in America," has testified that he knew "of no University library which does more to forward research than the great library at Harvard. . . . In the newest of Western and Middle Western Universities the library is fostered with a zeal, and at an expense, which put to shame the newer University libraries of England." In these, and in other ways, science and scholarship have been greatly advanced. The extent of the advance may be gathered from the volume of publications in the form of books, monographs, and journals, and also from the number and enthusiasm of learned and scientific societies. For example, there are at least twenty of America's legal periodicals equal in standard to England's three. Abraham Flexner, with justice, claims that "there is hardly a field in which American publications must not

now be reckoned with, scarcely a field in which American scholars and thinkers have not come together [with the world's leading scholars and thinkers] for the purpose of conference, discussion, and the promotion of learning."

Although American literature is rich in criticisms of American Colleges, Universities, and Professional Schools, this body of criticism demands reforms, as Professor E. R. Holme, of Sydney University, has pointed out in his "American University," because the "reformers have a hearty conviction that the American University is one of America's greatest achievements." The indictments which are to be found in Abraham Flexner's "American College" and "Universities," in T. Veblen's "Higher Learning in America," and in similar works, are presented by men who consider the American University system to be inherently sound. Especially proud are they of American graduate schools.

Australian University tradition would be enriched by the absorption of American University tradition with respect to graduate research, especially as Australia has as a basis the high traditions of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduate study. Too often the B.A. final honours examinations become a final goal instead of a jumping-off place. The importance of this early classification is exaggerated not only at the University but also throughout life. It is almost assumed that a graduate will continue always and for all purposes in that classification.

Even at Oxford and Cambridge all too little encouragement is given to research students, and the facilities provided for them are, in most instances, inadequate. In those two ancient Universities there exists a similar glorification of the baccalaureate.

This glorification of the baccalaureate exasperates Rhodes Scholars. They are nearly always graduate students, and the weight of the Oxford tradition which demands

that they work among secondary materials as baccalaureate candidates rather than do original research as candidates for advanced degrees, lies heavily upon them. The result is either a revolt against constituted authority or a lapse into lazy enjoyment of that pervasive Oxford culture which charms us all and ruins some of us. A Rhodes Scholar is *prima facie* being trained for national leadership in the political, legal, commercial, academic, or some other field, and it is therefore necessary that he should become a highly trained expert, a professional in the best sense of the term, a man of wide, disinterested cultural and scientific training, who can conduct organised attacks upon the problems of modern national life so far as they obtrude upon his particular field. It has been pointed out that "when Great Britain's fiat was law upon the ocean, when India poured its wealth into English coffers, when coal and iron and steam gave England an overwhelming predominance in foreign trade, and when a nation was sufficient unto itself . . . one could live by rule of thumb. . . . Rule of thumb no longer suffices; amateurs can no longer do the world's thinking or governing. Internal problems—social and industrial—and external problems—inter-imperial and diplomatic—have got to be understood; intelligence based upon sympathy and understanding must somehow be put in control, not only in science and industry, but in politics, in philosophy, in literature, and in art." This young Commonwealth of Australia, beset by the problems of a continent, needs men with a training of which a baccalaureate training, even that for an Oxford baccalaureate, can afford only a part.

A new evaluation of the research student is imminent both here and in Britain. The amateur has had his day in industry, in the public service, and in other fields. Graduate schools would provide a means of converting him into a professional.



Fascism

By Marius Chiaruttini (Dr. Laws, Trieste).

"Everything in the State, nothing out of the State, nothing against the State."

—Mussolini.

A NATION ruled by the principles of Liberalism is a mass of forces which move freely, obeying the impulses of their particular interests and finding only in the State tutelage and defence. From this free movement of the forces have arisen organisations with different economic aims.

These organisations, while declaring that they maintain their action exclusively in an economical sphere, for their authority on the masses, for the importance of their aims, and of their decisions, in reality weigh heavily upon the State. Through the different parties, which have their origin in the organisations themselves, these organisations impose their will on the State. The State limits its activity to preventing the "free movement" going beyond the limit of the "public order."

In England we have an example of the great power of these organisations in the Trade Unions, which impose a great number of burdens on the Nation without having any responsibility or duty to the Nation. The Government cannot act against them because they have the support of the masses, consequently the great electoral power. The freedom allowed to the struggle of the parties, shows every day, not only the weakness of the authority of the State, but also the moral and economical impoverishment of the nation.

Fascism reacts against this conception of a faint-hearted State, the destiny of which depends upon the alternate vicissitudes of the parties. Fascism reacts against the conception of reducing the authority of the State as a simple instrument of the inconstant will shown at the meetings of a party.

Before the new historical problems and the new economical era of the struggle between the forces of Capital and those of Labour, Liberalism has demonstrated itself as inefficient.

Bolshevism has proclaimed the right to abide only by one force, viz.: labour; it has raised this force to the essence of the State's life. All its politics, legislation, economy, and morality are built on this conception.

Against this struggle between Capital and Labour, and the impotence of the Liberalistic system, Fascism has proclaimed the new conception of the State. The conception of an unitarian, strong and absolute State, in which no forces, no political, economical or moral entity can be considered as free to move itself in the way required by its egoistical interest, if this interest is opposed to the necessity and right of the Nation. Consequently, the aim of Fascism is the will of harmonising all the different forces, to discipline them, considering each of them as a fundamental and indispensable coefficient of the production and power of the Nation.

In order to understand Fascism it is necessary to know its conception of the Nation and State. This is the basis and the essence of Fascism from which is derived the new organisation of the State.

The "Carta del Lavoro" (Charta of Labour—the document in which are declared the fundamental principles of the co-operative system) states "*an organisation having aims, life and means of action superior in power and duration to those of any particular individual or body is the Nation.*" The Nation is a moral, political, and economical unity which actively realises itself in the Fascistic State.

The *Fascistic State* is not only the political and juridical organisation of the Nation with the purpose of protecting the security of its members (Liberalistic State), but it is also *the realisation of the aims of the Nation which the State personifies*. Liberalism maintains the State out of Society, as a distinct quantity. The conception of Liberalism is wrong and insufficient because in opposing two subjects, Society and State, or even only admitting their distinction—that is to say, considering a determined organised

society in a determinate State—the Liberalistic conception admits also the logical and judicial possibility, that Society may have a particular realisation apart from the State, and consequently also some aims in contrast with those of the State. The new Fascistic conception of the State does not admit any possibility of such a contrast, for the State personifies the Society, is the Society itself, whose aims have become the State's aims; no social aims and aspirations can exist apart from the State. The Fascistic conception of State transforms it in such a way that the functions of juridical tutelage appear quite insufficient, and does not suffice to add to it the function of ameliorating the social conditions.

Fascism sees in the State the duty to realise the material, economical and moral needs and aspirations, that in a specified society—personified in the State—have ripened in the past and tend towards the future. The State is not only a political unity, but also a moral and economical unity. To reduce to unity the productive activity of the Nation, means to substitute for class struggle, class collaboration.

The above conception of the State as a means with which a Society, politically organised, tries to put into reality its aims and aspirations means that every activity of the State must be directed to satisfy these needs, and its juridical and economical system must be equipped for the realisation of such aims.

Fascism, in order to realise the aims of the Nation and in order to resolve the social and economical questions, assumes the following postulates:

1. To subordinate the particular interests of individual or classes to the interests of production and the Nation.
2. To discipline, make perfect, improve, and organise production.
3. Co-ordination, collaboration, and solidarity between the agent of production and the categories of labourers and employers.

And afterwards:

4. Amelioration of the physical and moral condition of individuals.

5. Professional instruction and education of the masses with the purpose of having a more intense and conscious participation of the citizens in the economical and spiritual life of the Nation.

Mussolini said: "If a Nation is rich and well ordered, the labourer will have economical and moral benefits. If a Nation is poor, no conquest is possible to the labourer." Michels wrote: "No measure taken in favour of labourers will have any efficacy if the country does not enjoy a strong and economical foundation." The moral and economical development of the Nation must be the first aim of the State.

Consequently, because of the above-mentioned principles, Fascism has created:

- 1 *Syndicates*, that the State recognises as enjoying public rights, which are the associations of every kind of *labourers* (peasants, workmen, doctors, teachers, etc.) and *employers*, who combine in order to study the means of improving and perfecting their productive activity and to protect the interests of their own class by submitting them to the general interest of the Nation. Fascism does not consider syndicalism as an end in itself, but as an economical and social instrument for the economical power of the Nation.

2. It has joined those Syndicates of labourers and employers of the same kindred nature in Confederation.

3. It has connected the Confederations through Corporations—organs of the State—which are the associations of the syndicalistic forces in order to obtain a co-ordination and an unitarian solution of production.

4. It has created the "magistratura del lavoro (Magistracy of Labour) in order to solve the particular, or general, disputes between labourers and employers.

5. It has determined the juridical, economical, and moral elements of the contract of labour.

6. It has forbidden strikes and lock-outs, that are always a great economical loss to the Nation.

"A strike," says Mussolini, "is a national crime because it is the will of a few individuals to mortally wound the Nation."

The fundamental principle of Fascism is the negation of the struggle between Capital and Labour. *Instead of strife, Fascism substitutes collaboration.* Capital and Labour are not two antagonistic terms, they are two terms which complete each other: the one cannot do without the other, consequently they *must* be in accord. Capital and Labour act for the improvement of national production, their first and last aim must be the greatness of the Nation.

The State which personifies and governs the Nation has consequently the right and the duty to be the equal arbiter in those particular divergencies, when agreement has not been possible through the Syndicates.

7. Finally, Fascism has created and made perfect the laws, until now the object of study of the International Organisation of Labour, as for instance: eight-hour day, protection of the work of women and children, all the different kinds of insurance: maternity, accident, unemployment, etc. It has created the Bureau for free medical and legal assistance. It has built new technical and agricultural schools. It has created "L'Opera Nazionale Dopolavoro," a Government institution, which has the purpose of uniting the labourers after their work in order to develop their spiritual and moral, intellectual and physical qualities. It also organises sports carnivals, theatrical performances, and instruction trips in order to give to all citizens the opportunity of knowing the beauty of their country at the cheapest rate.

It would be necessary to describe in what manner all these new organisations are technically organised and the practical manner in which they act, but this study would require many books!

Another important action of Fascism is the *education and organisation of youth.*

With the "Associazione Nazionale Balilla" (National Association of Children), the "Avanguardie Giovanili" (National Association of Boys and Girls), the "Gruppi Universitari Fascisti" (Association of the Students of the Universities—of whom Fascism takes the greatest care, because from the Universities will emerge the future directive class of the Nation), the "Fasci"

(Associations of the Citizens who adhere to Fascism). Fascism takes great care of youth in order to educate spiritually, morally, and physically the youth, and to transform, by degrees, the child, and later the boy, into a citizen.

Fascism puts at the basis of the education of Youth these two principles: God and Fatherland.

In the Fascistic organisations of Youth, next to the officers, who teach the boys love and duty towards the Nation, who educate Youth to be disciplined, and who try to develop the Youth physically, Fascism has put the chaplains who teach religious and moral principles to Youth.

The Fascistic State is strong, nay, it is the strongest, and "Strength is consent," said Mussolini.

The Fascistic State takes its strength from its nature of personifying the Nation, from the citizens through the Parliament and Militia. The Fascistic Parliament is formed only by experts freely elected by the members of the Syndicates. Its objects are:

To manage national production and development, the national moral and material welfare, tutelage of all private interest in harmony with the supreme interest: the Nation.

The electors—all citizens who are members of Syndicates, consequently "labourers" (also the poets, writers, artists, etc., have their Syndicate, they are "labourers")—have elected to the Parliament their representatives; the electors must respect the laws issued by their expert and, if necessary, make them respected.

The "Milizia Volontaria per la Sicurezza Nazionale" (National *Voluntary* Militia for National Surety) is composed of every class of citizen, and has these objects:

1. To educate Youth and men to discipline and to respect the law.

2. The members of the Militia must always give the example of this obedience and respect.

3. The Militia, if necessary, must force men to obey the national laws.

4. To be always ready to defend, with the National Army, the country against a foreign invader.

* * *

J.M.H.

The Age of the Pacific

(Special to the "Galmabra," July 28, 1931.)

Roger Alton Pfaff is a Major of Law at the University of Oregon at Eugene, Oregon, U.S.A. He has maintained an unusually high scholarship average and has participated in oratory, debate and extempore speaking for the last three years, having won distinction in a number of forensic activities. He is a member of Delta Sigma Rho, international forensic fraternity. In an essay contest conducted recently, Pfaff won a scholarship at a Japanese University on the basis of the knowledge he showed of the history and the problems of the Pacific. Besides being a student of Pacific relations, he also won the award in 1931 for world peace with an oration, "This Diminishing World."

AROUND the shores of the Pacific live over one billion people. Of this number over 950,000,000 are to be found in Asia. This great centre of the world's population with its unlimited resources and preponderant population is slowly awakening to the vast possibilities that lie within its grasp. With the development of these enormous resources new international situations will arise to tax the best minds of the world. Whether the Pacific Basin will solve its problems by a new type of international diplomacy or attempt to emulate the futile nationalistic policy of the old world will determine the future peace of the Pacific.

Thinking people the world over are coming to realise the need of a new international policy on the part of the great powers of the world and the necessity of nations to examine anew their attitudes and actions toward their brother nations. Too often Governments are guided by a false spirit of nationalism and misguided patriotism that leads races and empires into the quagmires of disintegration and dissolution.

The countries of the old world have tried for centuries to bring about peace and understanding among the peoples of their lands, but thus far have succeeded but little along the lines of international conciliation. Europe has tried to secure international amity through armaments, secret treaties, and "balance of power." The whole system has resulted in excessive burdens upon the taxpayers, suspicion and distrust among nations, the sacrifice of the best manhood on the battlefield, and the bankruptcy of Governments.

President Roosevelt, of the United States of America, once said, "The age of the Mediterranean is past, the age of the Atlantic is passing, but the age of the Pacific is here!" Living as we do in an era known as the "Age of the Pacific," it behoves the

great nations whose shores are washed by the waters of this great ocean to busy themselves with the common problems that confront the world to-day.

The Age of the Pacific must be an Age of Reason. The incongruity of diplomacy of the past is always evidenced by the fact that leaders of Governments plunge their countries into war, and after the roar and smoke of battle has cleared away, the grizzled old militarists gather after the armistice around a council table to make the peace. How much better had they met at the council table before the war, talked over their difficulties and settled their problems!

The Age of the Pacific must be an Age of Peace. A great culture can only be built in a period when a race and country can devote its energies toward peaceful pursuits. The great contributions of past civilisations have been made in times of peace. The Pacific Basin presents every possibility for a new and great culture. With the blending of the cultures of the East and the West a finer, more perfect civilisation can be wrought out.

However, there must be a general movement to eliminate the forces that to-day seriously threaten to disturb our none too secure international equilibrium. There must be adopted a general international programme to prepare the peoples of the world for this new world culture.

There should be inaugurated a policy of world education that will teach the children of to-day, the leaders of to-morrow, the "how" of living in this interdependent world. With this must come the eradication of racial, nationalistic, and religious prejudices that have obsessed the world in the past and keep peoples to-day in conflicting camps.

There must be a gradual equalisation of standards of living throughout the world,

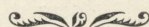
for it is only through the raising of the weaker and inferior to a higher plane of life that the stronger can hope to succeed and perpetuate a strong civilisation.

However, the spirit of peace cannot grow in a military environment which produces a militaristic frame of mind. The new world culture must be free of all armaments. Armaments create an unhealthy attitude of superiority for your neighbours, they drain the public pocketbook, and they aggravate the spirit of war. Militarism and armaments must go in the new age!

Finally, we must select our leaders from those men who can see beyond the boundaries of their own country. To-day we need fearless leaders who will work and act for the

good of all humanity; not for selfish national interests. We do not need to worry about the future of the Pacific if we persist in the narrow ways of the past. There will be no future!

The time has come when all the nations and peoples of the Pacific Basin must join hands in a new pledge to forever guarantee that peace that will make for a great and splendid culture in this era of the Pacific. Let all honest thinking men and women dedicate their efforts to perpetuate a lasting peace among the peoples of the Pacific. Let us carve out in this great world centre a mighty civilisation that shall stand for all time as a splendid monument to the combined efforts of the best minds of the East and the West!



FROM THE CITY.

A faultless verse—nay, ask me not for such;
I cannot sing the song that poets sing.
The town has come between us overmuch,
With all its clangour and discordant ring,
The streets and people, houses closely ranged,
Row upon row, in never-ending chain,
Ever the same, year after year unchanged—
This, and the next, and then the next again.

But from my window I can see blue ranges,
And all my youngest years come back to me,
That happy time this later day estranges,
When the whole world was glad and gay
and free.

The town intrudes, the smoke clouds wreath
and curl
And hide the city in a pall of grey;
Nor can the sun, the Lord of light, unfurl
And fling his sunbeams forth to make it day.
Dust rises up around me as I move,
Dust fills th' already overlaid air,
Rising towards the lowering smoke to prove
It rules above the city even there.

How can the song be perfect when the notes
Are harsh and out of tune? My song
would be
Blended with myriad songs from tiny throats
Of birds I loved, who used to sing with me—

Where the air is clear on the mountain top,
And we sing together the same refrain,
Near heights where sparkling waters drop,
Or the grass is green from the recent rain.
And the sun is darting and dancing, too,
And the bees at work in the flowering gum
Join in the song from the morning dew

Till the evening call, with their lazy hum.
The laugh of the Jackass is heard near by;
From the depths of the bush comes the
Lyrebird's call;
And I laugh as I answer the Parrots on high,
The Jackass, the Lyrebird, one and all.

The fern and the bracken grow side by side,
And mosses grow where the orchids peep
through,
Flowers dot the mountain far and wide,
And above them all is the azure blue
Without a sign of dust or smoke—
And above, around, and over the hill,
Like a precious liquid whose seal is broke,
The sun streams o'er all, and I drink my
fill
Of the priceless draught that is pouring down
From the dome of heaven, and crystal pure
Is the air I breathe, as I weave a crown
Of happiness, memories that shall endure
When I am shut in the sordid town,
And its stifling waves roll o'er and oppress,
And bind me in with its gloomy frown
To thoughts of my own utter nothingness—

But up on the mountains I live and dream,
And I am myself, and the world is mine
Of flower and tree, of bird and stream,
And the perfect peace that the hours
combine—

How can I sing in sordid city streets
And all its shades and shadows, when my
mind
And my whole heart and inmost being greets
For all I loved so much, and left behind.

M. DE VISME GIPPS.

"As it was in the Beginning"

By R. Jay.

BURDETT was considerably annoyed. The Chinese business had proved longer than he had expected. The position was that it was necessary for the Chinese to evacuate certain parts of their territory; to adopt the new system; and to give up their old prejudices with regard to inter-marriage.

Burdett had had experts working on the Chinese for some ten months, and the conclusion at which they had arrived was that they would combine best with the French. The two races had sufficient characteristics in common to ensure compatability, and their outstanding virtues were complementary. However, as he had expected, he had to fight.

Fifteen years before, Burdett had taken his degree, and the idealist in him had shuddered at the inefficiency of the organisation of the world. The business magnates, who did not know they were wearing blinkers, were driving the world into anarchy. In his town, his state and his country; in his business; in the pleasures and daily life of his associates, he saw nothing but scattered inefficiency. Burdett himself had never been happy in those days. A single bad stroke in a round of golf had been enough to turn his soul to bitterness; tennis he played with a challenging despair, which arose from his knowledge that he could never play perfectly, and that he would never cease trying to; he would not play other sports, concentrating on the perfection of these. As a bridge partner he was, when not a statue of gloom, a seething cauldron, for he played bridge perfectly. The only pleasure he got from the game was the savage contemplation of the inefficiency of his associates. His studies provoked the same characteristics. He never allowed a problem to escape him, and he beat frenziedly on the border of mathematical inquiry, because he knew the theories were wrong yet could not right them. He had investigated the social sciences, and retired appalled at their inefficiency. Indeed his horror of history and economics, which evolved theories from data so approximate

as to deserve the description erroneous, remained with him to the end of his life. For the natural sciences he had something of the feeling that an ordinary man bestows on a hobby. He was always the neatest dissector in a laboratory. Finally, he kept his body utterly fit. Yet he could not but bear a grudge against his Creator for providing a machine which was so inefficient, and which, he realised, was always making efforts to trip up his intellect.

His rise had been rapid. Attracted to the logical perfection of Communism, he had soon become an acolyte. Then, in the madness which followed the awful economic crashes, he had ridden to power behind the devastating Borden, Borden with his plunderers. It would have been difficult to get a better combination than these two men. In the eleven years in which they had been associated, Burdett had built up a well-nigh perfect organisation of Communist groups throughout the country. Borden, with twenty years of conspiracy behind him, knew well how to use the information they collected. As the economic situation grew worse, he clogged the administrative machine, long antiquated and overstrained, with judicious bribery till it became sluggish at his command. As the real controller of the most powerful single trust in the country, he was able, when the time came, to secure the allegiance of the other trusts, rapidly becoming disorganised and without hope for the future. Burdett pointed out how the reigning anarchy would be eliminated. Borden showed them what it entailed in wealth and power. The upshot was that the Government found itself without sufficient money to pay its officials, its army and its police, and without the power to collect more revenue from a desperate population. Then came the frightful rioting of the starving unemployed, in the face of which the Government attempted, and failed miserably, to turn out the mutinous soldiery. This being the moment, Borden called into play the powers of the big trusts, and established order in a week. Silow, a commander of ambition, who had long ago made arrange-

ments with Borden, suddenly released the paralysed inaction of the military forces under his command and wiped out 20,000 rioters in one day. The next day, the really excellent organisation which Burdett had brought into being functioned. The Communist nucleus in each town produced a short list of names which belonged to dangerous men. The executions over, there came the third day on which a host of respectable owners, managers and directors were turned about and pushed gently on their way. Logically-minded Communists assumed their posts and looked to Burdett for direction. By the end of the week, urged on one side by the compulsion of every authority they had been accustomed to obey, and on the other by the realisation that Borden had restored order, the citizens were content to obey. Of course, the main factor was the food. Since the trusts and the administrative machine were in the hands of Burdett's organisation, food was distributed to everyone through that organisation, a definite quantity for each person. Rebellion amounted to nothing more than a hunger strike. In Kentucky, a land of farmers, was the only serious rebellion. Under the stimulus of one Hartley, the farmers ejected the Communist nucleus from this world on the second day. Hartley was a youth of twenty-six, of a temperament passionately opposed to domination, popular and withal, a very able and active man. Silow wished to lead a force into the mountains, but Burdett forced the would-be Napoleon to station forces at strategic points in the river valleys. The complete cessation of food supplies soon caused a wail of suffering to pass through Kentucky. On the sixth day the rebels attacked, five hundred strong, on horses, and lost two hundred men without the slightest gain. On the seventh day they hanged Hartley and his staff, capitulated, and were given their rations.

Burdett spent two years reorganising the industry of North America and bringing the magnates of Europe thoroughly into dependence on him. Towards the end of the first year he found it necessary to rid himself of Borden. It had become plain that Borden's gifts were leading him astray—in short, that he was intriguing in the adept

fashion he had rather than serving the ideal of Communism. The pure flame which burnt in Burdett could not tolerate this, and besides, the days of Borden's usefulness were over. Burdett, by now, figured quite as largely in the public eye despite, or perhaps because of, his strict sobriety. Borden lived like a sultan of old, declaring that it was necessary to impress the stupid minds of the populace. When to his splendour he added debauchery, and finally intrigue, it became necessary to remove him. This was done by a detachment of Silow's men, for Silow, as ever, saw where his interests lay. He was dragged from a supper one night and executed, and so drunk was he that he could do no more than stammer out the curse of God on Burdett. It was the first time for many years that he had given any thought to *that* figment of the imagination, reflected Burdett.

At the end of two years Burdett's energy and his skilful organisation had transformed the country. The population was as docile as a herd of cattle under his direction. Food was produced in sufficient quantity to feed the whole population well. A new design in clothing, Burdett's own, and an infinitely more sensible one than that used before, was enforced on the nation, and he housed them in great blocks of flats, built to the design of an architect friend of his undergraduate days. The work necessary to produce these things was done by the whole population, each man working at his allotted task for six hours daily. The way in which these tasks were allotted was no small part of his success. Burdett chose a dozen of the leading lights of the old medical world who impressed him, and gave them the task of carrying out nation-wide tests determining the vocation to which each man was suited. Fired by professional zeal, and their task made easy by Burdett's organisation, they chose the ablest of the doctors in each large centre of population to carry out a psychological analysis of each man in the community. On the basis of this, each man was given his task, and the result was, in the main, successful.

There were other reforms. No more sickly children were allowed to survive birth, and on the basis of the examination carried out

by the staff of doctors, the grossly inefficient in mind and body were effectively prevented from reproducing their kind. Some instinct against which his logical mind rebelled often but never successfully prevented Burdett from ordering the amusements of his people, and the various forms of art in which they delighted. Perhaps he was the more willing to allow this from his own love of music. This was his one defeat. It completely defied analysis, and what defied analysis obviously could not be organised. Women, that usual mystery, gave him no extra thought. The relations of men to women were, to him, a simple physical matter, and he treated it accordingly. No woman ever roused his confidence.

The manner in which he subdued Europe was perhaps the classic example of his organising ability. His agent in South America, an extremely capable and unscrupulous man, organised Burdett nuclei throughout the land. Burdett himself used his control of the North American exports and market, vital to the South American States, to secure the fidelity of the great commercial and industrial interests, and on a day a detachment of the American fleet, with marines and aeroplanes, appeared in each of the principal harbours of the Continent. Under the instructions of the nuclei, they assumed control of the various States, executing the dangerous men. The fighting was savage in one or two places, and some parts of the country were not subdued for some months, but there appears to have been nowhere any conviction of the hope of resistance, or any organisation.

Burdett then subdued Europe without approaching it. He had, of design, kept that wretched and divided continent from utter destruction, from the time he had assumed control of North America. The goods he had shipped to Europe had not been paid for, nor could they be. Certainly, the governments of the various countries kept up a pitiful pretence of government, and the students in the Universities were still taught about the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary. But the industrial magnates knew that Burdett could ruin them all. When he announced the abdication of the European Governments and the abolition

of national boundaries, there was some factious opposition; a little vapouring by politicians; but it had completely ceased by the second month after the cessation of supplies from America. The attitude of the English gave Burdett most amusement. The press and the nation generally received the announcement with judicial approval on the first day. By the next day it had become generally known that when Burdett said Europe, he meant Britain as well, and a great deal of indignation resulted. However, by the end of the second month, the authorised leaders of the people were scattered by their starving constituents, and Gill and Harlow, Burdett's apprentices, arriving with provisions to take over the organisation of Europe, were welcomed as saviours. Several new volumes on political science were published proving that submission to authority and organisation was the natural bent of man, "who had risen through the tempering flame of capitalism and so-called freedom to the calmer realms 'all earthly troubles above'"—of Burdett's organisation.

At the end of a year, with Europe—and the rest of the civilised world—organised in the way they should go, Burdett found time a little heavy on his hands. It would take years, of course, for the organisation to run itself into shape, years during which his guiding hand was necessary. Gill and Harlow could take over after that. But for the present, the work of direction was one which called for little creative effort. This then was the time when Burdett set out on his most ambitious schemes. Having successfully looked to the necessities of man, he began to look towards the regeneration of man. He saw in the future a God-like race of such achievements that all art would become perfect, an end which could obviously be attained only in the way that the botanist attained his results. Burdett therefore planned to settle the flower of mankind on the chosen spots of the earth. To this end he settled along the mid-Pacific coast of America, in New Zealand, parts of Australia and South America, and Western Europe, colonies of peoples selected from each race to be bred in various combinations. It was the necessity for some Chinese stock and some Chinese soil which had brought

Burdett to the necessity for conquest. He had hitherto left Asia and Russia -to whom Burdett's brand of Communism did not appeal-strictly to themselves. India and China roared under the stress of population and starvation, but they were able to rend only themselves, and Burdett had been content to leave them to this. Now, however, his biological project made it necessary to bring China under his sway. Unfortunately, Asia had never really responded to the invitation of the civilised world to become dependent for its life on imports from abroad, and consequently Burdett could not employ his usual methods. So it came down to a matter of armies and navies, and Silow had created his new army.

Up to this point, Burdett had methodically scrapped armies as unproductive, keeping only a necessary minimum for the police work of the world. Silow had been very discontented. Consequently, the Chinese war came as a godsend to him, for it gave him an opportunity to display his military talents. For Silow, Burdett had something of the affection one has for a mastiff, and was half glad to remove his surliness by giving him a little exercise. Burdett had helped him set up a military organisation in Europe and America capable of supplying his needs, and he had gone off to China. Now, after delays there had been a frightful victory and the Chinese were cowed. This morning, Silow was to deliver his report. Burdett looked at his calendar and saw that it was 4th July, 1946. Those moles of historians, he thought sarcastically, will discover that this day is historic.

A little later he heard a heavy tramp, and stood up with a smile of welcome as Silow entered.

"My congratulations," he said. "You know your job."

"O PAT.

See, where the rushing fire had spread

(But yestermornth)

The hillside all is green

And lo!

Little cheeks are rosy red,

"\\"here yesterday

saw that teal's had been.

S.L.R.

"I do," said Silow. "My soldiers are in possession of this building, and I am ready to step into your place."

Burdett looked at him in dead silence as soldiers entered the room.

"You are making a mistake," he said at last. "You are a fine soldier, but you don't understand the organisation of ordinary affairs. If you kill me, this organisation will smash. I am training others to take my place, but they could not do it yet."

"Gill and Harlow are dead by now," returned Silow. "As to my ability to fill your place, you won't be in a position to worry about that. You filled Borden's place well enough. Arrest him."

A horror spread through Burdett at the other's lack of comprehension. In a moment, he saw his organisation shattering itself to pieces under the paw of this man, who could not even see that Borden had never filled his place. And Gill and Harlow dead! As the soldiers advanced, he felt his utter helplessness, and abruptly abandoned the appeal to reason.

"For God's sake, don't you see that you are going to ruin the whole machine if you get rid of me? I tell you, I'm the only one who can understand it! You've nothing to gain by getting rid of me except some childish title you'll assume. King! Emperor! There'll be one almighty smash, and you won't even know how it happened." And then as he was dragged through the door: "For God's sake, Silow!" Silow sat down at the desk. A contented grunt escaped him. He was seeing himself taking the salute from the new, marvellous army he was going to create. What a fool Burdett was. With such an army, nobody could overset him. And quietly he mimicked: "For God's sake, Silow!"

"THE JOXEY GRAYE

Softly swaying, wafted slowly, Velvet leaves of wattle waving; Silvern branches, blossom gilded, Greenhung vault of bushland tomh.

High above the "attles roaring vWatch the "hite, majestic gums; Honeyed haunt of flitting songsters, State!>· c:u:trdians of the dead.

H.C.



St. Leo's College

WICKHAM TERRACE
BRISBANE

Rector:

REV. DR. J. J. ENGLISH, D.D., D.C.L.

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The College is conveniently situated on the picturesque heights of Wickham Terrace, one of the choicest residential quarters of the city, thus enjoying the benefits of a quiet, healthy and central position.

*Further particulars may be obtained from
the Rector.*

Jack Lindsay

And the Origin of the Fanfrolico Press.

By Verna Rudd, B.A.

JACK LINDSAY was virtually born with a silver spoon in his mouth. As the brilliant son of a brilliant father, he confounds the popular theory that the children of genius are dullards. Jack Lindsay is proving himself as great a genius as his father. Poet, dramatist, philosopher and publisher—all that he undertakes he illuminates with the brilliant light of his inspiration.

Certainly there is a section of the Australian public which considers the Lindsays—father and son—a pair of degenerates, and if Max Nordau were alive to-day, he would classify Jack as a diabolique and a decadent. But Nordau lived in an age when that great social taboo was at its height—the taboo of sex. Any man who, as Lindsay does, dealt with sex and love and combined them in pagan fashion with golden showers of laughter, to Nordau appeared as an influence carrying humanity back to the condition of savages living in sexual promiscuity without individual love and without any family institutions whatever. He would have made a splendid Australian censor.

Lindsay is far from being a degenerate. He has a mind fearless yet orderly, creative in utterance. He attacks so bitterly and so mockingly all hypocrisy, all humbug; he brings so many conventions, so many accepted standards crashing into ruins, but he is constructive and in place of those ruins he builds, with a laugh on his lips, Hellenic temples of quivering beauty and vital joy. He is one of the most dynamic forces in the younger literary school of to-day.

Lindsay was educated at the Brisbane Grammar School and later at the Queensland University, where he gained a first in classics. He had the opportunity of going on to Oxford, but the academic life had no appeal for him. Writing in "Galmahra" while still an Undergrad., with fierce intolerance he attacks the academic mind—

"A University is chiefly of use in that the student may discover himself and his per-

sonal vision by recoil from the opacity of the academic . . . let us then never lose a chance of kicking this dead organism, because it is dead, as often and as hard as possible."

Even in his Undergraduate days, he was proclaiming Nietzsche's doctrine that the individual must progress to the law of his own self-development.

The life of the University now behind him, Lindsay went to Sydney with the intention of standing or falling by his own efforts at freelance journalism. In Sydney he became associated with Kenneth Slessor, and together they produced "Vision," a literary magazine which first appeared in May, 1923. In this venture, I think, they were largely influenced by a London periodical named "Youth, the Creative Magazine," published in 1922. "Youth" was supported by Hugh Walpole, Stephen McKenna, W. H. Davies, Clemence Dane, Frank Swinnerton and many others, and was a splendid effort to supply its readers with the best in modern literature at trifling cost. "Vision" stated in its editorial:—

"We hope only that it (i.e., the magazine) may add a contribution to the effort that we feel has awoken in Australia, and serve ultimately as a vehicle of its verbal expression."

The criticism that arose from this publication was decidedly amusing. It was warmly praised in some quarters (and the quarters which count—don't forget), but from most others fire and brimstone were hurled at its head, and it was clamorously denounced as being a decadent work produced by a pair of scoundrels.

"Vision" lasted four numbers only. Trying to run a magazine with an insensible public and a scarcity of advertisements was no fun.

At this time, Lindsay became associated with John Kirtley, who had recently acquired a hand press. The result was that his first book of verse, "Fauns and Ladies,"

printed for subscribers only at £4/4/-, was published. Lindsay and Kirtley, without any previous technical knowledge, set up the type themselves and printed it. The production was a most creditable performance. Later, Kirtley offered to publish Lindsay's translations of "Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*." This was duly completed in 1925, and thus was born the Fanfrolico Press. The following year, Lindsay left for London, and brought the Fanfrolico Press to 5 Bloomsbury Square, and it is from there that it has sent out thirty-seven books and a miscellany in six numbers, and has proved itself to be one of the finest presses in the world, to be ranked with the Kelmscott and the Nonesuch.

In trying to define the attitude of Lindsay and his associates, we can do no better than to quote a passage by Lindsay himself from a leaflet on the Fanfrolico—

"It was determined to express, through the medium of a fine-press, an attitude to life which we felt was lacking in England. This attitude is easily criticised as immature (and so it was, but less so than the scattered sensibility of its critics) and crude (and so it was, but we were seeking the vitality which does not worry over a little crudeness, though that is not its aim) and egocentric (and so it was, but largely because it sought to drop all ethical and social falsities and to find the individual in all his candid rights), and out-of-joint with out-of-joint modernity (and so it was, deliberately, in its effort to make a concrete simultaneity of culture, in opposition to an abstract assumption of that simultaneity)."

This attitude to Life is embodied in every one of the books which have come from the Fanfrolico, and their publications include translations from Latin and Greek, original poetry and drama, essays and reprints from the 16th, 17th, and 19th centuries. It is significant that the last book edited by Sir Edmund Gosse—"The Complete Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes"—was given by him to the Fanfrolico to publish. England's foremost literary critic must have thought very highly of Jack Lindsay to entrust to him his last work.

In a magazine article it is impossible to give any very concise idea of the scope and

quality of Lindsay's work. Practically all the translations issued by the Fanfrolico were done by him. In these translations, of which the best is the "Complete Works of Gaius Petronius," we find he follows always the original text. There is about the man a courageous frankness, a splendid sincerity. His translations of Aristophanic comedy are delightful. What a Rabelaisian zest for life he has!

His poetry includes long narrative poems, poetic dramas, verse philosophy and lyrical fragments. Although of necessity I term the last class lyrical fragments, all his poetry is saturated in a glorious lyricism. It is all rich in imagic splendour, it pulsates with vivid life, it is a fountainhead of beauty.

We come now to Lindsay's prose works, and with his prose we must consider his attitude to life and to some of life's greater questions. In his book, "Dionysos," an essay in lyrical philosophy, we find he states his own philosophy and his own religion. These would need an article to themselves to do them any justice. He is an ardent disciple of Nietzsche, hailing him as the forerunner, and R. T. Hall, Fellow of Trinity College, says in the introduction that Lindsay in "Dionysos" makes Nietzsche really clear to him after years of study of that philosopher, during which he had failed to grasp his vital meaning. The terminology in "Dionysos" is obscure to the uninitiated, but again Hall points out how eminently unfair it is to condemn a man on a casual reading of his works. "Dionysos" would repay not months, but years of close study.

Some of Lindsay's best articles are included in the London *Aphrodite*—a miscellany published in six sections and edited by Jack Lindsay and P. R. Stephensen, another graduate from the Queensland University. On the cover it is stated with sublime assurance that it is "the finest modern miscellany—an unique collection of vital modern work, a miscellany of poems, stories and essays by all the finest living minds, embodying all that is most vigorous and challenging among the works of younger writers." Certainly nothing could be found among modern writers to surpass

Lindsay's essay on the "Modern Consciousness." In this article he traces to their origins all modern tendencies in art, literature, and music, and then—"We stand at the gates," he says, "with Nietzsche, Beethoven, and Wagner as the signposts of our future . . . themselves our future if we are to have one." To Wagner's music he is passionately devoted, and says of it:—

"Of course, Wagner's music upsets man's nervous sensibilities with the demands of its insatiable desire. So much the worse for man, not for the beauty which destroys him."—So much the worse for man! Do you not get from that vital phrase something of Lindsay's fine contempt for all ignorance which will not try to learn, for the dulled senses of those who fear to be caught in the intricate mesh of beauty. High on the pinnacle of his own genius, he knows that the masses do not understand and are afraid of his courageous acceptance of facts, and he laughs at them in the weakness of their fear. "We affirm life," he says, "and for definition quote Nietzsche: Spirit is that life which itself cuts into life. We affirm beauty, and by that term understand a sensual harmony, a homogeneous ecstasy, which, constructing intellectually, yet hates nothing so much as the dry cogs of the objectified and objectifying intellect." Jack Lindsay writes for the few—the few who affirm Life and affirm Beauty, bringing to neither any shred of hypocrisy to disfigure their purity. Unfortunately, his work is not very well known, as most of it is encased within the covers of expensive "editions de luxe" and limited in number. This is done partly in the aim to avoid the tamperings of a stupid censorship, and primarily to revive a love of good books exquisitely printed.

To Lindsay the hypothetical fixed point for all experience must be the self, and for the judgment of the self to have validity,

it must at one and the same time arrest the flux by a unified conception, and yet keep contact with all its relations. The result is a unified rhythm; continuity of desire.

Consistent with his statement of the self as the concrete universal, Lindsay does not accept any strange, paradoxical image of a God in whom he is expected blindly to believe. On Christianity and the degrading moral influence of the early Church he heaps his scorn. To him, Homer is the god of earth. In a passage of splendid prose, he says of him:—

"Homer—who has left us perhaps the most unified utterance of any mind on earth, and who is believed to have been a School, a Dynasty, or a cryptogram, by scholars who are able to trace the digamma or count the comings and goings of the volatile Wall, if they know nothing of the process by which a work of art is created—defined man in all relations of a simple earth-life, touched with a shining glamour all man's existence, and showed man to himself in a direct definition of his lusts, his hates, and his fears.

An obscure Hebraic deity, whose name for the moment eludes me, has apparently taken it upon himself to claim the creation of the earth in general and the Jews in particular. However valid the latter part of his contention be, the impertinence of the wider claim does not even deserve attention. Homer is the god who created earth.

For Homer brought Consciousness to Man."

The life of a Lindsay is a lonely life. Not for him are the accepted priest-made standards of right and wrong, of good and bad, but alone he battles onward, enjoying richly of all that life has to offer, and striving always for that "sensual harmony, that homogeneous ecstasy—Beauty."

EVEN SONG

The blue sky is paling,
And faint comes the wailing,
Now swelling, now failing,
Of violin strings.
The warm wind uncloses
The sweet scents of roses,
And peace here reposes,
That young darkness brings.
Pale moonbeams are drifting

Through clouds wan and rifting,
And night-birds are lifting
Their shadowy wings.
And high, sweet and broken,
Like love-thoughts unspoken,
The music betokens
The tears of things.

"BLAUNCHEFLUR."

University Calendars

By a Bibliographical Wordsworthian.

IS a University Calendar Literature? Before answering this vital question, one would want to know: What is Literature?

To one who does not profess to know, Literature appears to be related on one side to Art, when we call it Polite Letters, and on the other to Utility.

If the official publications of the Universities of the United States of America are consulted, they will be found to be called "Catalogs." The similarity of this term to our word Catalogue is noticed, and the conclusion is obvious. There is no association with Polite Letters, and the publication is classed with such practical things as Tradesmen's Advertisements, Mining Prospectuses, Railway Guides, Who's Who, and the Post Office Directory. These may be protected by the Law of Literary Copyright, but are they "Literature"?

The question might be asked of the Professor of English Language and Literature.

If, however, instead of labelling a certain kind of University publication a Calendar, which is ambiguous, or a "Catalog," which begs the question, particular Calendars are perused, they will be found to contain a great deal respecting the promulgation of Reflective Thought, which some say is Literature, or, at least, the chief function of Literature.

This is found not merely in "tabulated matter" compiled in the office, such as class lists, results of Faculty Examinations, and names of persons possessing Honorific Letters though holding little of the Polite variety, but also in Reports, Addresses, and Examination Papers.

For, it is submitted that an Examination Paper, the result of the close thought of some expert, specially trained and disciplined, is essentially a work which has respect to the promulgation of Thought, and moreover, that a well set Examination Paper presents all the elements of skill, form and expression found in every kind of Creative Art. Unfortunately the artist

whose medium is Examination Papers is cabined and confined by the fear lest the candidates' attention may be distracted by the sheer beauty of the craftsmanship, and so become oblivious to the essential necessity of answering the questions. Workers in this medium must always remember that *Ars est Celare Artem*.

Some calendars will be found to contain much generally admitted to be Pure Literature. Of these, the first Calendar of the first University established South of the Line is a conspicuous example. It is regrettable that it has not been republished. No cheap edition has issued from the Press, and as the first edition was limited, this treasure of early Australian Literature is known only to a very select few.

The copy now before us shows signs of hard wear. The fly leaf is missing, but the title page is intact. The title itself is "The Sydney University Calendar 1852-3." Beneath is a reproduction of what purports to be "Sigill: Universitat Sidneien." That is to say—the University Seal. It shows an emblematic allegorical or prophetic picture of a lady in voluminous classical dress, hair up, and wearing a bandeau or fillet. She is seated, and bends forward with right arm and hand outstretched to place a wreath on the head of a young person, kneeling, of the same gender, hair down, who, having a book under her right arm, takes with her left hand the left hand of the lady in the fillet.

To the right of the young person is a grass tree—the black boy of the colonists—Xanthorrhea Hastilis of Goddard. Over all in the sky is the Southern Cross, rather out of shape, and probably displeased at being hauled out of the nightly sphere, and put in the full glare of the sun.

From the motto, "Virtutem Doctrina Pareat," it would appear that the name of the lady in the bandeau was Doctrina.

The modesty of the delineator and the engraver was such that they did not sign their names. So was that of the publisher.

Not so the printer, for at the foot of the title page appears the following:

Sydney.
Printed by JOSEPH COOK
Next to the Savings Bank
1853.

Who was Joseph Cook? Perhaps he is dead. He may even have gone before the Savings Bank.

The foregoing bibliographical details are supplied as a guarantee of good faith, rather than of general interest. In further proof that the work in question is in the hands of the reviewer, the following measurements are given— $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, 118 p.

Historically, this little volume is of considerable interest as it records the foundation and inauguration of the University of Sydney. But history is not universally admitted to be Literature, any more than some people's history is admitted to be true. Nor would it here be contended that the primal Examination Papers contained in this Calendar, satisfy either the rigorous canons of literary taste of modern examiners or their ruthless desire for scalps. No examiner to-day could expect to score a plough by asking for an explanation of what is meant by a Vulgar Fraction, as was done in 1852.

It is submitted, however, that the Inaugural Addresses at the Inauguration Ceremony reported in the Calendar are Literature, and exceedingly good Literature, too.

The occasion was momentous.

"A University is not founded every day," wrote Cardinal Newman, in reference to contemporaneous events in Ireland, and the audience were reminded that the University of Sydney, that day inaugurated, was the first Colonial University in the British Empire.

The speakers, too, were worthy of the occasion. They were the Vice-Provost, Sir Charles Nicholson, Chancellor in 1854, and created a Baronet in 1859; and the Principal, Dr. Woolley, Professor of Classics, whose tragic end at the age of 50, when the "London" was lost in 1866, cut short a notable life.

They rose to the occasion. The students, as far as can be seen, sat down to it. They also shut up. There were only twenty-four of them, as against the Beadle, the Vergers, three Professors, fifteen Fellows of the Senate, and the Vice-Provost, to say nothing of the Governor-General, Sir Charles Fitzroy, the Commander-in-Chief, General Wynyard, and his staff, the Captain and Officers of H.M.S. Fantome, and the Colonel and Officers of the 11th Foot, and not to mention the Bar, the Consuls of Foreign Powers, and Ministers of Religion of all denominations; and we are told that all were habited in academical or full dress official costume. Such a display of physical, moral, and intellectual force was overpowering.

In both addresses, there are two notes, one of satisfaction at what had already been accomplished, the other of hope for the future.

The Vice-Provost dealt with difficulties which had arisen from the partial, if not entire, failure of every previous attempt to establish collegiate institutions in the Australian Colonies, due to lack of endowment, want of authority to grant Degrees, and limitation to some particular religious community. These had been overcome, chiefly by the "munificent" endowment of £5000 a year provided by the Colonial Government.

Both speakers dealt with Past and Future, and both started with King Alfred. The Vice-Provost had one eye on the King of the West Saxons, as with the other, in fine frenzy rolling, he pierced the mists of Futurity. "Let us," he said, "carry our mind's eye onward to a period when this colony shall have acquired the form and proportions of an empire; when the events of this age shall have become obscured by time, and circumstances which belong to our history may have the same relation to the future, which those of the Heptarchy have to this era. Then, when all the busy tumult that now agitates us shall have passed away and become obliterated in the great gulf of time, *one* event will stand forth in bold relief signalling the age and the men who now live. As Oxford has been associated

for a thousand years with the name of Alfred, so may the names of our illustrious Sovereign and her representative be perpetuated and remembered and honoured for ages to come in connection with that of the University of Sydney."

The Principal referred in more precise terms to the Victor of Heddington.

"Nine hundred and eighty years have passed," said Dr. Woolley, "since our glorious Alfred provided amidst the fens and forests of Oxford a home of union and of refuge for the poor and scattered scholars, who were in those rude and uncertain times, with toil and danger, watching before the pale and glimmering lamp of knowledge."

"What thoughts arose within the King's heart, when he stood within his narrow and humble portal, you, Sir, the founder of the University of Sydney, may perhaps most easily and justly conceive."

"Did he anticipate with a noble pride the Anglo-Saxon root, which he had planted, not merely after a thousand years living and undecayed, but casting off the parasitical growth of prejudice and time, and bursting forth in renewed beauty and more extended usefulness?"

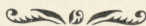
"Did his imagination dare her flights beyond the limits of his island home, and

picture in the remotest corners of the earth the children of his race nurtured in his own institutions, bearing forth the spirit and forms which they loved into a yet wilder solitude and a more inaccessible wilderness?"

These extracts, all that it is possible to give here, feebly express the fervour of the whole, but they prove that in this Calendar at least there is noble literature.

The strict Historian may smile at Oxford's connection with Alfred. But the Oxford Calendar still states that University College in that University is "said to have been founded in the year 872 by King Alfred," and a medallion of him graces the Senior Common Room of that College. Of it, Dr. Woolley was a Fellow, and bound to believe the story. Sir Charles Nicholson came from the chief recruiting ground of Sydney Professors, which shows that the legend had crossed the Tweed.

Not every one is capable of reflective thought. For such, Literature is not written. They are of the race and kind of Peter Bell. To Peter Bell's creator, the meanest flower that blows could give thoughts that often lay too deep for tears. A University Calendar is no violet, or primrose, but the person to whom it is nothing more, is a carl as wild and rude as P. Bell himself.



TO A NAME.

Now they call you priest or princess,
Empty titles tongues may alter;
Now you sway with crown or psalter
Human beings to your way.
Symbols vain of earthly prowess,
That shall surely pass away.

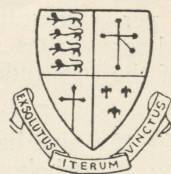
Comes a time when life is spent,
When your precious life blood streams,
And your soul, Divinely sent,
Seeks the Paradise of Dreams.
Then, my friend, this title seems,
Worthless as the clay that makes you,
To the grave alone it takes you,
Then, like human life, forsakes you—
Never once a soul redeems.

Heed not their foolish wish—a better choice
Wins you a Life no mind can comprehend.
Will you not follow Reason's knowing voice,
Work for the common good, the poor, the
lame,
And build, in mortal life, a deathless Chris-
tian name?

The greater joy is yet to come:
To which this world will seem as nought.
Why should it be so few are taught
The truth that calls to everyone?
Think you our lives end here?—the narrow
view of some!

What is your wish 'tween Heav'n and Hell?—
God! how it grieves, that scoffing smile to
see,
Marking a heart that beats for earthly fame,
Giving no single thought to what must
surely be.

"T."



St. John's College

*Affiliated with the University of Queensland
Under the auspices of the Church of England*

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The Scientist as Writer

By Hector Dinning, B.A.

SCIENCE has, chiefly since the War, developed a serious literature. Even if the public were inclined to ignore this striking body of work—which is far from the case—it could not well do so. In the less recent past the only proper function of the scientist was thought to be research. He was not on the whole expected to write about his researches. During the last century this tradition was violated by various scientific workers; but with a few exceptions they wrote rather in response to the desire of some enterprising publisher who wanted to issue a series of popular scientific treatises than on their own initiative. There was, for example, the Contemporary Science Series, begun in 1899, and published under the general editorship of Havelock Ellis. It was not until the issue of the Home University Library soon after 1900 that this sort of thing began in earnest. Britain was combed for authorities on their subjects as contributors, and they included such eminent men as Professor J. Arthur Thompson, Sir Arthur Keith, Professor William McDougall, Sir W. S. Barrett. Before the advent of such men into the field of popular scientific writing, this work, such as it was, had been done mostly by interested laymen or pseudo-scientists. The works of Edward Clodd (a banker) furnished the classic example. He was a dabbler in science, whose “Childhood of the World,” “Animism,” the “Story of Creation,” and the rest of them had a great vogue. But the notable thing about books on scientific subjects now is that they are being written by the men who are actually doing the work—J. H. Jeans, Julian Huxley, J. B. S. Haldane, and many more. This is an immeasurable advantage. It has invested their books with an authority, a vitality, and an attractiveness unknown before. But curiously (and paradoxically) enough, it is the case that, whether it was laymen or experts who wrote the older books, they were infused with a dogmatism of which the great contemporary scientific authors, with their enhanced range of knowledge, are almost entirely innocent. Darwin, Haeckel, and

Lubbock, for instance, were quite oracular pundits. But there is a markedly tentative quality in the books of eminent physicists and biologists of our own day. Jeans, the greatest living authority on his subjects, says that of biology we as yet “know nothing.” Wells has a striking illustration of the humility of the contemporary scientist: “He thought he was in a room—in moments of devotion, a temple—and that his light would be reflected from and display walls inscribed with wonderful secrets and pillars carved with philosophical systems wrought into harmony. It is a curious sensation, now that the preliminary splutter is over, and the flame burns up clear, to see his hands lit and just a glimpse of himself and the patch he stands on visible, and around him, in place of all that human comfort and beauty he anticipated—darkness still.” The fact is that the older scientists insisted on the supremacy of human reason; those of to-day—if they insisted on anything—would make it the supremacy of experience.

Not only has the scientific point of view undergone a profound change in the last half-century, but the capacity of the scientist to write vividly and arrestingly has definitely increased. J. B. S. Haldane has said that the earlier scientific workers derived from the monastic tradition. Their writing was, therefore, bound to have an academic bias. Even in the last century this bias is apparent. But scientists of to-day are intensely aware of the bearing of their researches on life and have accordingly come down from the monastery and the academy into the market place. Science is no longer a cloistral thing apart. Moreover, contemporary scientists are no longer seriously pre-occupied by polemics with the Church over the alleged—and largely mythical—conflict between science and religion, which handicapped the workers of the last century. These changes in the circumstances and in the angle of approach of the scientist have had notable effects on their methods of exposition. They write in a more spacious

and unhampered fashion. They are not instinctively on the defensive. Shorn of dogmatism, they can write with superior force and persuasiveness. But in any case modern scientific training and habits of mind tend to nurture a telling literary style. They give precision and vividness. The older scientific writers from their monastic seclusion did not appreciate the standpoints and the capacity of the lay reader. Our contemporaries, who are intensely interested in the complexity of every-day life, seem to have an intuitive understanding of that reader's mind. Their writings gain in force, moreover, from a general freedom from the preoccupations of conscious literary style. Both Einstein and H. G. Wells have definitely deplored and dissociated themselves from literary elegance, as such. Scientists are often unconscious stylists, because they have something definite, and in many cases urgent, to say. One might seek far for anything written with more grace and vividness than Haldane's "Daedalus or the Future of Science," or Julian Huxley's "Essays on Popular Science," or some of Bertrand Russell's "Papers on Science."

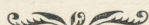
A glance may be given in passing to some secondary forms of scientific writing that have cropped out of the general body of work—the serial publication of scientific expositions and also scientific journalism. These two branches are not new, but since the war both their form and their substance have been strikingly changed. Before the end of the last century a publishing house issued regularly parts of a popular science publication called "Marvels of the Universe." But these were written largely by amateur hacks, and there was no sort of sequence or coherence in them as to subject. Well's "Outline of History," issued in fortnightly parts, set the model for such publications of a more strictly scientific kind—such as "The Science of Life," the joint work of Wells and his son Geoffrey and Julian Huxley, which was lately completed. As to scientific journalism, this was before 1900, mostly agglomerations of science jottings, snippets and scraps of re-print jumbled together, such as many Australian daily papers now publish. Sir Ray Lankester's routine column, "Science from an Easy Chair," and the

ubiquitous work of Professor J. Arthur Thompson were examples of slightly less ephemeral journalism. But in papers like the London "Sunday Times" and the London "Observer," which do find their way into a few Queensland homes, there has grown up, even within the last five years, a highly specialised form of scientific journalism by which, on the occasion of any notable developments in research, an acknowledged master of the subject writes (one wonders for what fee) a considered and sustained article on the level of the monograph. These do a real service to the public, and to science as well.

Considerations of style apart, it is the substance of the writing by scientists which is stirring the general reader. The published work of the physicists, such as Jeans, biologists like Julian Huxley, and bio-chemists like J. B. S. Haldane, is modifying and stimulating general thought and the attitude to life. The researches of physics especially, as Sir Ernest Rutherford expounded them in Brisbane not very long ago, are widening the human horizon. Einstein's theory of relativity, together with the recent developments in the theory of atomic structure, are jolting people out of their partial and commonplace ideas about the nature of things. They are coming to realise as never before that their sense perceptions necessarily can give them only a fragmentary idea of what the universe is really like. Einstein and the physicists have made intimations of a vast hinterland to consciousness which suggests the universe as a far more complicated and interesting thing than man previously dreamed of. It is in the highest degree fortunate that, concurrently with these researches, has arisen a school of scientific writers who can expound them with an unmatched restraint, clarity, and impressiveness. Books, such as Haldane's "Possible Worlds," Jeans's "The Universe Around Us," Bertrand Russell's "A.B.C. of the Atom," Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World," "Concerning the Nature of Things," by Sir William Bragg (the Adelaide physicist), have not, it is true, become best sellers; but they are being eagerly read by a large and growing number of intelligent people.

Not only are these writers presenting mankind and the universe as research at this stage reveals them, but prophetic books are being written, inspired by the scientific imagination—a sober and effective instrument in the hands of men in whom understatement is a positive passion. Shining examples of this sort of work are some of the books of the remarkable "To-day and To-morrow," series of prophesyings, written by the most authoritative men available. Such are "The Future of Biology," by H. S. Jennings, "Wireless Possibilities," by Professor A. M. Low, "The Body of the Future," by Doctor R. C. McFie, "The Future of Physics," by L. L. Whyte, and "The Next Chapter," by Andre Maurois. These prophetic essays are not to be confused with the scientific romances, say, of H. G. Wells,

which, though scientifically plausible and in some cases actually proved to be prophetic, are frankly fantastic. They are in the tradition of the Jules Verne tales, but greatly superior to them—though Jules Verne did not hesitate to dispute that with some warmth. The prophetic works of Jennings and the rest are brilliant inferential statements as to the future based on scientific experience. The public mind has been already stimulated to apprehend a new reality, and its imagination has been stirred and fired. People are on tip-toe to see what will be the next development. They are happy in having at hand a combination of the actual investigator and the skilled writer who can endeavour to tell them—and who is even anxious to do so.



TO THE EDITOR.

St. John's College,

Sir,

The letter in your last issue of "Galmahra" on the conferring of Degrees encourages me to overcome my natural reserve and to write "a piece" also. This year was my first appearance of such a function in Brisbane. One thing which impressed me unfavourably was the extraordinary lack of dignity in the actual conferring of Degrees. The method was just like a Sunday School prize-giving or the presenting of a trophy to the winner of a three-legged race.

The lack of dignity in the procedure made what should be a memorable moment in the life of each recipient a singularly unimpressive act. This, of course, is a matter for the Authorities and could be easily remedied.

But the chief impression received was that a wonderful opportunity was being missed for commending the University to the notice of the general public. It was more than a missed opportunity. It was the occasion of causing disgust and resentment in the minds of a great many people. Now that's all wrong. And the remedy for this state of things lies in the hands of the undergraduates themselves.

Commemoration, besides being the occasion for conferring Degrees, is an

opportunity for informing the general public of the value of the University to the life of the community. A huge gathering of well-disposed people attend the function in the City Hall. Their presence attests their interest. They are amused and entertained by the topical songs. But they do want to hear what is said from the platform. What happened was that, when the Chancellor and the appointed speakers tried to give their address, their words were drowned by continuous noisy and unmannerly interruptions. So, people go away without any ideas of any value about our work, but with very decided ideas of the disorderliness of the University crowd.

It is tremendously important that we should commend the University to the public, and that we should win, not alienate, the sympathy of those who might be willing and able to help us. As things are now, on this particular day we are harming ourselves badly.

There is an opportunity in the morning procession to show the wit and humour we may possess. There is an opportunity in the afternoon to express ourselves in song. But for the sake of the University we *must* give those on the platform a fair opportunity of setting our aims before the public, or else we spoil our appeal.

W. E. C. BARRETT.

Some Acquaintances

By "Greaser."

The Traveller.

HE carried a meagre swag and an empty billy. His clothes had a semblance of threadbare respectability, his boots, not made for heavy work, showed distressing signs of wear. Unlike most of his kind, he wore a neck-tie.

I saw many foot travellers on the road, usually in twos and threes, sometimes a small family, all engaged in the almost hopeless search for work, but he was the only one I had the pleasure of meeting. I passed him early one morning a few miles from the village of Violet Town in Victoria. A mile further on a piece of wood saw fit to enter my tyre and I made an enforced halt while I effected repairs by the side of the road.

After a while I heard the sound of lively conversation from the road, and looked back to see my friend. He was talking solely for his own benefit, as he was as yet unaware of my presence. As soon as he caught sight of me his talking ceased and he came over to where I was working. After we had exchanged greetings and he had made the obvious remark, "Had a puncture?" he told me something of his story.

He had been a compositor on a newspaper in New Zealand. On the death of his wife, his family having grown up and scattered, he decided to come to Australia. He failed to obtain regular employment in Melbourne. Hearing that "things were better" in Queensland, he had gone there, and there his money had run out. He had walked back to Victoria, "getting a bit here and a bit there," and had been six months in doing it.

He had been fortunate the night before in finding an empty farm-house, where he had the luxury of a wash. He had little prospect of work in Melbourne, but seemed cheerful. Used by this time to getting along on very little, the basic wage seemed a fortune to him. "Some of the chaps, when they get a bit of money, go and spend it on tinned things, but I know—a billy full of potatoes and onions is the way to get the most meals out of a sixpence."

At length he must be going; he hoped to reach Euroa that night, about twenty miles further on. Could I spare him sixpence? I gave him a shilling and he went. Ten minutes later, tyre mended, I passed him again. I have often wondered what became of him. Was he one of that procession which I saw in Melbourne ten days later carrying rough banners, "Socialism is Our Goal"? Did he find work? Did he take to travelling again? Or has he found haven in a concentration camp?

The Pastoralist.

He was the sole local resident and monarch of all he surveyed. His calling was cattle raising, and he owned the land for miles round.

I had crossed the border just before night-fall and was back into New South Wales. The State had a homely feeling, although I was but a few miles from Cape Howe. Content with the day's travel I camped in the first suitable spot.

It was on the bank of a beautiful creek, "Timbillica." The bridge was a short one, but the banks of the stream were very steep indeed and there was a drop of some twenty feet to the bed. All around grew the tall timber which is characteristic of the south-eastern corner of Australia and the bell-bird scrub. As I drew up two birds with long tails scurried up the bank and into the scrub.

I was unrolling my bed when he came. He was out for a walk in the dusk, hoping to shoot a rabbit, and had with him two young cattle dogs, to which he seemed devoted. He sat down on the grassy patch beside the road, and we talked for an hour in the gradually deepening twilight.

There was not another house within twenty miles in either direction. The land, though bearing such magnificent timber is no good for farming, except in the river flats. The nearest farms were on the Genoa River, twenty miles to the south, and the Towamba as far to the north.

He told of his yearly trips to the railhead with cattle. For fifty years he had been taking his bullocks over the two hundred miles of country that separated him from Bairnsdale. He avoided the highway where possible with its impatient motorists. "But," said he with a twinkle, "the law allows drovers two minutes to move their stock for motorists to pass, and the more they blow their horns the less we hurry." We agreed that it was easy for a motorist to pass through a mob of cattle if he went gently about it, but that sheep were far less intelligent and more difficult.

We talked of the depression. Yes, prices were not all they used to be, but his tastes were simple and he had all he wanted. He was sixty-five years old, yet looked to be still in his prime, the youngest man of his age I have seen. Yet he seemed content with what he had done in life and willing, if need be, to be a back number.

We talked of the forest, the wild life, the bell birds. "The birds you saw were lyre birds, pheasants, we call them."—"You may not believe it, but back in the hills I measured a tree forty-five feet round..."

He told me of the building of the road, the Prince's Highway, seven years ago; of a hut that I might use as a refuge in case of rain; of the numerous accidents that had occurred on the bridge. I could well believe this, for the road led on to the bridge in a very sharp bend. Indeed, the following morning I saw a car, driven a little too fast, collide with one of the posts, though not seriously.

He left me when it was almost completely dark, about half-past eight, for it was mid-summer and ten degrees south of Brisbane.

The Guardian.

It was growing late as I rode along the Hume Highway, and the numbers on the milestones grew less and less. Every little town has its monument to Hume and Hovell, and the road is aptly named. "Here Hume and Hovell crossed the Murray, the Mitta Mitta, the Ovens, the Goulburn; Hume and Hovell passed close by here one hundred years ago."

Rain was threatening and I looked in vain for any shelter. At last, when I was all but despairing, I sighted a country roads en-

campment which promised a canvas roof for the night.

It was New Year's Day and all the men were away for the holidays. He, with his family, was left in charge, the guardian of the camp and the roadmaking equipment.

I rode into the camp, and there I met him among his children and with a dog which tolerated me only on account of his presence. I asked him was there a spare fly that I might sleep under. He was very chary at first of allowing me, an absolute stranger, to camp there, but he was loth to dash my expectations and, after a while, seemed convinced that I might not be a villain. He said there was an empty tent that I might sleep in if I got away early in the morning before the men returned. I thanked him, went into the tent and unrolled my kit. He came again and said that I might sleep in one of the men's tents in a bunk. I was very glad to accept the offer after three nights on the hard ground. I had completely won his confidence by now, and he came to talk. "I see in the paper that there were fifteen murders committed in one suburb in Sydney." I judged by this that he was a good Victorian. He then brought out a heavy rifle, one of the kind that is almost entirely encased in wood and fires cartridges three inches long. He fired playfully at a tin on the far side of the road and gave me a shot also. I felt dubious about accepting this new piece of hospitality, for surely those shots must have been worth threepence apiece. However, he assured me that the gun was for the defence of the camp against prowlers and that the Government paid.

He told me of two tricksters, one of whom engaged him in conversation while the other filled their car from the camp store, only to find that the supposed petrol was kerosene and the car would not go.

He knew the driver of the Sydney Limited and had arranged with him to blow the whistle just before the train passed the camp. "Then the sleepy passengers will rouse up, look out, see me standing here and throw out papers." Soon the train itself came flashing by, its great headlight lighting up the track a mile ahead, the fastest train I have ever seen. Sure enough the whistle blew, but there were no papers that night.

Next morning he gave me some helpful suggestions about the road and showed me a map. I left him, with the memory of yet another friend made only to be lost.



DEATH OF Mr. H. J. PRIEST.

IN Herbert James Priest there has been lost to the University a man of no ordinary gifts. His active work, it is true, ceased three years ago; but till this year there was always a hope, even if a dwindling hope, that he would recover health to the extent of being able to resume work. This year showed that the hope was vain; and his death when it came was a release from a state that was painfully and increasingly distressing.

His active work here extended over fourteen years from his appointment as Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics at the beginning of 1914 to the end of 1927, when he left on sick leave never, as events proved, to return. In the meantime, in 1919, he had been promoted to the grade of Lecturer in recognition of his mathematical ability and his good service as a member of the staff.

Those who knew Priest well could not help feeling keenly the pity of it all; there would keep rising in their minds the thought of what might have been if the fates had decreed differently. Even from the beginning of his period of service Priest had to husband his strength carefully. His intellect was working in chains, and these chains with the years became increasingly heavy. There was not merely the handicap of the actual loss of working time, though that was serious enough. His malady brought depression, and with depression perhaps a weakening, certainly a narrowing of interests. The zest of life and the joy in work were dulled.

Yet, in spite of these crushing burdens, Priest was a most valuable man to the University. His was an intellect that could make good headway even when heavily weighted down. Of that intellect the great characteristics were keenness and versatility. All his work was sharp and clear-cut. His powers of repartee and epigram (his friends will remember this well) were only another

manifestation of this quality of mind. His versatility, again, was remarkable. He had a competent knowledge of a few modern languages and of Latin and Greek among the ancient. He had more than passing acquaintance with the literature of several countries, and also with their history. He had also, I believe, an extensive knowledge of music. The range here is unusual enough in itself. But there is more to be said. What impressed me within the sphere where I can judge—the literature and history of ancient times—was not Priest's mere command of facts. He had the facts, but he had also the flair, the understanding, that usually came only after long and inclusive study. His opinions were always valuable for just that reason. Little wonder that I was inclined to think of him as a humanist, who by some misadventure had found himself in the ranks of the scientists. My mathematical friends assured me that he was a scientist, however much he might be at home among the humanists. The truth perhaps is that he was scientist and humanist in an equal degree. It is significant that latterly his main intellectual interest (music apart) lay in the history of the mathematical and physical sciences—a subject with an equal appeal to the student of science and the student of the humanities.

On Greek Science he, a few years ago, gave a course of intramural lectures, a most excellent presentation, and the product of independent work on the sciences. Two years before he had to abandon teaching work, I arranged with him to deliver these lectures as a short course within the University. He was eager to undertake it, though it was entirely voluntary and an additional burden. However, his health did not improve, and he was forced to withdraw.

Priest has left behind him the record of much accomplished, and in the minds of all who knew him the firm conviction that that much would have been very much more had the fates been kinder. He had charm and humour and great social gifts; but often these lay in the chilling shadow—a life that had in it much of tragedy.

A New Magazine

By E.H.

"Wagner? In our eyes he's merely a commodity for export."

"Silk sheaths on haired legs keep
Brute knotted muscles from the leap."

"KITCHENER WANTS YOU!"

Let him damn well want!"

"And from the waiting silences
A cosmic giggle shakes the skies."

"— has arrived at the supreme eminence among English writers largely through disguising himself as a corpse."

The above are not a puzzle, but quotations from various articles and poems in a magazine, of three months' standing, which is published in Melbourne, and goes by the name of "Stream"—price one shilling. It is a good shilling's worth. The average magazine is justified only by its success, and aims at no better justification. "Stream" is a purely artistic journal, containing short stories, poems, and criticisms, chiefly of books, but sometimes of music and pictures. A prominent feature is the reviewing and translation of contemporary work in other languages. A dangerous one is the reviewing by contributors of poems they published in the last issue.

But apart from the last feature—which, to be just, has appeared only once so far—"Stream" is, as one reader remarked, "pretty good—it is entirely lacking in respectability and in deference towards its elders." For instance, one writer says of Lionel Britten, author of "Hunger and Love," that "sincerity in itself is not sufficient to make a writer great—but at least it will distinguish him from the Galsworthy-Bennett-Priestley troupe of drawing-room entertainers"—which came as a shock to me, who had never thought of Galsworthy in that capacity before. The same writer thinks certain theories "have little more

validity than the rococo superstitions of theosophists, spiritualists or christians." (N.B. The art of the small letters is practised very effectively by the tributaries of this magazine.) There are many more statements of the same stimulating character—calculated to upset seriously nearly all the people who will never read them.

Free verse is the order of the day, though there is a little that scans. The longest in the September issue is a verse—translation of a Russian poem, "A Cloud in Trousers." It begins impressively:

"Your thought
Drowns on your sluggish brain
Like a fat lacquey on a greasy couch,"

But falls off when it comes to

"You think so, drools malaria,

It was,
It was at Odessa,

'I will come at four o'clock,' said Marie.

Eight,
Nine,
Ten."

Still one can bear this type of shock, and indeed most of the others "Stream" administers, in the interest of being kept awake. For it is all stimulating, even when it is youthful and conceited and Pharisaical, which is not oppressively often. What price such a "Galmahra"? Surely Queensland's brighter youth should be capable of something more vivid than compositions on poor, dead Shakespeare. Realism, scepticism, socialism, collectivism, the proletarian mind, free l—, oh!—Why are not these our subjects? Now, for instance, the trouble with this "Galmahra"—

But I suppose the editor won't publish that last bit.

EARTH-BOUND

Whene'er I contemplate Eternity,
My being clings in fear to friendly Time,
Swift-flowing life, the loveliness of rhyme,
The colours of a gorgeous tapestry
Of olden days; those dear and gracious things
Of beauty—dawn and sunset on the sea,
The purple glory of a flowering tree,
Song, and the old, old sweetness of harp strings.

I dare not view the timeless void of Space
Where whirl the spheres in endless harmony,
For ever and for ever, in their place,
Where He Who wrought them dwells in
majesty.
Oh God, mine eyes are weighted down by sin;
I dare not lift Thy veil and gaze within.
"BLAUNCHEFLUR."

Young Anarchy?

By S.C.

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago, a writer in a certain newspaper article compared world progress, and its rise and fall, with the waves of the sea, and stated that we were then living on the crest of a roller. If we apply this to the smaller world of our University, we must confess that the crest seems precariously near the stage of toppling over into the trough. I am not suggesting that the near future threatens an utter, if temporary, destruction of University spirit, but I do think that at the very least it shows dangerous signs of subsiding into an oily swell.

People are prone to thank God sentimentously that the age of intolerance is, to all intents and purposes, if not dead, then moribund, but since its place has not been taken by a true tolerance, there is little occasion for the lifting up of hands in thanksgiving. Intolerance, with its high feelings on this side or that for causes and ideals, does at least imply enthusiasms, and consequently full-blooded and vital life, and some sort of progress. "The blind hysterics of the Celt" with which the suburban Tennyson was so out of sympathy, were better than the stolid lack of interest exhibited by so many of those frequenting our Common Rooms to-day.

The great majority of our Undergraduates have lapsed into a complete indifference, from which they only rouse themselves now and then to draw the comforting cloak of tolerance a little more closely about them, when somebody's protests raise a wind biting enough to disturb their mental hibernation.

"Thank heavens," one said, "I am tolerant enough anyway, not to want to interfere with my friends' ideas." I say, "Give your neighbour a good, hard jolt, each of you. It will do him good."

A smaller proportion do claim to entertain opinions of some kind, opinions which they bring forth on every possible occasion. Their favourite hours being from one till two, and their inevitable battlefield the Common Room, you may spend a passably amusing hour "dropping in" at the different discussions. They are all the same. You will find practically all of them, either wavering from one point of view to another, or possessed with a determination to consider no one's opinion but their own, their own being unquestionably the only reasonable one. This in itself suggests that they have arrived at theirs with a minimum of thought; and many, when pinned down, are extremely hazy even as to their own.

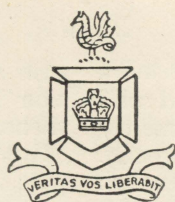
For instance, some time ago a discussion on religion raged for three hours on the Common Room verandah. It had no point—and, quite apart from the fact that nobody expressed anything even approaching an original opinion, quite half seemed to have no fixed opinion at all, flatly contradicting themselves at least two or three times during the argument. People can become so ridiculous that they cease even to be funny.

Heaven forbid that our Undergraduates should ever become what Punch calls "intense," or need to be labelled by the flippant, "earnest young students: with a purpose in life," but there would be more hope of salvation from that, than from this stagnation, which is rapidly becoming more peaceful and complete.

Retrogression in this direction is the danger we should strive hardest against, and the spirit which engenders

"A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
And twenty thousand thousand dreams";
is at least a forward one.





King's College

(Within the University of Queensland)



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Bursar:

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Self-Expression

By M.F.

IN the last "Galmahra" there was a remark to the effect that there is lasting and solid pleasure in self-expression; which is merely an echo of what we hear in our lectures. Sub-ed. complains that there is not enough self-expression; I beg to differ. There is far too much. One has only to stand in the Common Room for five minutes, to hear on all sides idle chatter about "what I said," and "my opinion"; we hear little else but small talk, for the most part criticism, with standards set up by ourselves, of other people, their clothes and ways. We are all so eager to express ourselves and our own point of view that we are scarcely willing to give even the perfunctory attention demanded by courtesy to the remarks of others. And when we find that, by not listening, we have missed the point of an argument, we console ourselves with the thought that it was probably not worth hearing. And probably it was not.

Chesterton discusses with lofty superiority the lopsidedness of the Victorian Age; but says nothing of his own, which is in fact far worse. Thus, we search the universe for new planets, and with equal vigour hunt for new microbes; we think in millions—in the matter of years, of miles, of national debt—some of us are capable of imagining a million; and yet the lack of a ferry penny throws us into hopeless dejection. And why? Because without it we cannot go to lectures and learn to express ourselves? Surely not. Who has not heard inspired self-expression, terse and comprehensive, from one who has missed a ferry by inches?

This self-expression is all very well within limits, but it can be carried too far. It makes us too introspective, so that instead of seeking to know the external world for its own sake—and it is worth knowing—we are pre-occupied with our reactions to it. That would be well enough, if we were important, but the place of the individual self in the general scheme of things is a very minor one. Ask the communists. They do not trouble about the self in Russia, under the Five-Year Plan; and from all accounts, any

rash man who attempts a little self-expression is very effectively and permanently silenced.

We see this same tendency through all modern literature. There is a great bulk of it, but more of the fanciful than of the truly imaginative, as is natural in this preoccupation of self. For this reason we have so many and so fine essays, so much occasional poetry, in which the self in its weaker moments—and sometimes in its stronger—is revealed. For example, in the second series of the Poems of To-day, these lines occur:—

"We mope alone,
I and myself."

Surely this instance is a blatant boasting of the poet's importance to herself, a confession of a foolish and puerile conceit that is rarely to be paralleled. This moping alone is a morbid folly, a fit of childish sulkiness; it is a weakness which no sane human being should permit himself, much less use as a fit subject for a poem.

With this concern for the self there is, of course, a despair of inspiration. Any self, no matter how great, is necessarily limited, and introspection does nothing to broaden its horizon. We see this in De la Mare's complaining:—

"Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's Nightingales."

From this he goes on to say:—

"We wake and whisper awhile
Then, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie."

Granted that this is true, it is a very lazy way of spending a life. And De la Mare did not even have the excuse of climate; he could not say, "Oh, it's too hot to bother; leave me alone." He does not take the trouble to get up and look for something to whisper about—something that will make his whisper worth hearing. Apart from that, we have to live a certain span of time, and to make this interesting we have to be curious, to find out new things, to try everything once. It is great fun putting your fingers in the fire to see if it burns—and

think of the beautiful scars that result.

Very soon, unless it is replenished by outside interests, the flame of self flickers and dies out, and we become blase. Then we begin to talk in loving terms of death and peaceful oblivion, which is restful enough, but very dull. Of course, there is this side of the question: when death, according to the modern idea, merges the self into the eternal mind, there will be no more oppor-

tunity of expressing one's individuality, there will not even be any individuality to express, so we are well advised to pluck the rose while we may. Otherwise, self-expression is nothing but laziness, in its refusal to project the imagination beyond the bonds imposed by the self in all its limitations. This is no plea for complete abnegation of self, but only for some restraint in our surrender to our own claims.

'Varsity Women

By Q.E.D.

IT must, I imagine, be most depressing to meet old acquaintances. There are all sorts of reasons for this statement, as indeed for all bad epigrams, though I need not excuse this one here. But let me example it.

I met an acquaintance of fading locks. Being of darkly virginal quality, she expatiated bitterly on her married friends. She told me she thought the 'Varsity women of her day had been of vampirish tendencies: they had married men younger than themselves. They caught the poor things before they really knew what was happening to them. Now, of course, this habit from her point of view was, as successful, the more reprehensible.

But one may doubt the validity of her inference. Being most sincere, it was most likely to be false. For indeed sincerity inevitably tinges with emotional predisposition what should be a purely intellectual process. So I profoundly mistrusted the value of the censure and sought for another and more flattering explanation.

It may be concluded with fair probability that the maternal spirit was then imitating Caesar's spirit, and ranging over a wide field of juvenile masculinity. The more impressive portion was transplanted into matrimonial hot-houses before youthful oats were grown or even sown.

But I have no patience with one who would blame such early capturing of young and innocent worms. Now or never! it is to be feared, has to be the slogan. For indeed 'Varsity women don't wear well. Why this should be so becomes a real and pressing problem to the sociologist. They are seldom dyspeptic: they eat with enthusiasm and verve, laying up, if not treasures in heaven,

at least the faintly descried and disquieting outlines of a later physical opulence. Perhaps even some of the remedy might lie in a modified abstention. The favourite Hollywood diet of orange juice and pineapple lies, of course, at the other extreme. But still most futures are longer than most pasts. Quite often they are much broader.

Perhaps the sublimation of youth through intellectual channels has something to do with it. Of course, the student life has its compensations. It sometimes offers a background. It excludes the 'Varsity woman from many definitions. All women are no more than meets the eye—which is sometimes considerable. Such a generalisation as this, of course, has made no room for her. Nor has she the same outlook as a normal flapper.

Swiftly over a saccharine sea
The new-blown angels swim,
Hasting to where with treacly dart
Await the cherubim.

And there are seraphs tall and dark
With bristly chins and rough,
While talkies blare for evermore
And cavemen do their stuff.

The heaven is full of chocolate cream—
One pulpy soft eclair—
And warm beneath a mellow moon
Salvation waits her there.

Such a paradise, however diabetic, is quite all right in its way. Luxuriance, the efflorescence of adolescence, is more natural than the aridity of prematurely desiccated virginity.

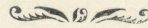
Not that intellectual fruits are always dust. But the traditional dry primness of the learned is apparently an almost inevitable concomitant of a devotion to books.

There are other sublimations. Everyone knows how little scandal there is at the 'Varsity. This is perhaps a pity, for such mongering is proverbially a form of release, social in its nature, inexpensive in its performance, and in its possibilities of variation apparently inexhaustible. It is limited only by the decay of the inventive faculty and by the hesitation of the audience in following the narrator through the labyrinthine tracks of the probable and improper. And with practice both these obstacles can be overcome.

But it is more than a popular diversion or means to popularity. Old men, we all know, give good advice when they can no longer set bad examples. Reminiscence is the belated and vicarious sowing of wild oats. But it is often unnecessary. Scandal, however, is an essential safety valve. We laugh, say the psychologists, because we have escaped a mishap and are glad. We scandalise because we have missed something and are sorry.

The stigmata of the species under discussion, it will be observed, have multiplied. It might almost be an abstraction. But the 'Varsity woman's contact with reality is nevertheless maintained. An anomalous existence is hers.

No woman is to be trusted unless she is in love with you—and then she assumes that you are not to be trusted. It is curious, says Llewellyn Powys, how you cannot succeed with one woman without betraying the absent one: they are cruel, and must have blood. The reconciliation of these statements with their implications might lead us far afield, beyond the 'Varsity. One would say things that even the most daring young psychoanalyst would not venture to publish under three guineas. But though modesty be merely an abstract noun, yet prudery must command our respect. . . . Besides, the Muse has retired with emotional flatulence.



TRISTRAM'S LAMENT

The white hands of Yseult
Cool my heated brow,
Yseult of Brittany, dusky and pale,
But the golden hair of Yseult—
She of Tintagel, faroff Tintagel—
The bright hair of Yseult haunts me even now.
The kisses of Yseult
Bring memories to me—
Yseult of Brittany, whitefingered, pale,
Of the old sweet days, oh Yseult,
Kisses in Tintagel, faroff Tintagel—
Bound by bitter memories, how can I be free?
Was it for this, oh Yseult,
We loved, so long ago?
That caresses of Yseult—
Yseult of Brittany, loveless, and pale—
Bring me the vision, golden fair and frail,
Of thee in Tintagel, faroff Tintagel,
Yseult of thee, and this our lasting woe?
"BLAUNCHEFLUR."

SONG, AS HE WALKS HOME.

The moon is far away
The moon doesn't care.
Cold white moon!
Up in the cold air!
But that is only 'cause
The moon doesn't know.
Cold white moon!
Silvery white like snow.
The poor moon cannot know
Way, way up there.
Poor, cold moon!
Up in the cold air!

S.L.R.

FALL OF LEAF.

West wind blowing, and red leaves flying,
Scarlet as the desert pea, lambent like flame,
All above streets that are barren as the desert
And windswept as the sky whence the red
leaves came.

Red leaves everywhere, piled in the gutters,
Whirled by wind devils all across the street.
Red imps hopping on a shaft of sunlight,
Trampling dead leaves they spurn with their
feet.

Crimson leaves blow, dancing on the stail
lawn,

Elfish, malevolent, wickedly gay.
Flutter round the gardener among his flower-
beds,
And fly in his mouth when he curses the
day.

The gardener burns leaves, scarlet and
golden—

Their spirit mocks while their embers die,
And from poppies golden and passionate
crimson

—And the west winds triumphing swiftly fly.

M.F.

'Varsity Men

By A.B.C.

HE is tall and dark and good looking in imagination—his own imagination—and he says and does things which only tall and dark and good-looking men can do gracefully. He behaves as though he knew all about women and horses, and he knows nothing about women and horses except their legs. He is terribly witty—if a man is fat he calls him "Porker," and if his name is Cadbury, he calls him "Chocolate." Some of them are like little boys trying to see how bad they can be, and some are like little boys trying to see how good they can be, but they are all like little boys. Some tell each other jokes they won't tell you, and some won't let you tell them jokes—not after the first couple. Some think you're fast if you smoke, some think you're slow if you don't.

Beneath his "wicked" pose, which is for the world only, he has another for himself only (and *one* other)—a pose in which he is a Round-Tabler with a simple, trustable smile, really anxious to

"Love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until he wins her."

The only trouble is that this clashes with firstly his horror of getting caught, and secondly his horror of getting cut out. Accordingly, if a woman shows any signs of believing the Round-Table business or, on the other hand, of believing some other Launcelot, he at once assumes the aforementioned "wicked" pose, being determined that if there is any cleaving to be done, in either sense, he is going to do it.

Being a man, and therefore a reasonable being, he reasons. That is to say, he makes all sorts of categorical statements, chiefly about women, because that shows he is broadminded, and deduces by a perfect syllogistic process all sorts of extremely interesting conclusions. Thus from the proposition that all women spend most of their time gossiping, he infers that they never

over-work themselves because that process takes time. And, for example—"Look at Lavinia X"—"Do you remember the time she—" "Yes, when she nearly caught poor old Jack—" "I thought he was a gonner—" "And anyway with a figure like Lavinia's—" "Over-work? Tee-tee!"

Then perhaps a second syllogism may be founded on the proposition that women are cats!

The 'Varsity man is not as different from the natural man as is the 'Varsity woman from her unintellectual sister. This is because all men are intellectual, or if not they try to keep it dark. The 'Varsity woman, if she wants those things which she's a freak if she doesn't want, has to lie low and say nuffin regarding the fact, if it is one, that she really gets a little pleasure—foreground—out of x—y or H²S or Chaucer. But on the other hand, the 'Varsity man, like the woman, misses typical touches—he is not the well-groomed, pointed-moustached, mixed tennis-playing youth of the ordinary well-to-do variety—he dresses badly and dances worse. Nor is he like the cove that takes his little bit of skirt to the flicks, back seats, on Saturday nights, and to the gardens to hear the band on Sundays—for with regard to love-making—well, I hardly like to—what do you say, girls? His heaven may be of the Mahommedan variety, but at least it is neither of these.

A shiny ocean of patent shoes,
A welter of drooping fags,
Of pink-striped shirts and greenish socks,
And lovely purple bags.
Romantic dark, in the shilling seats
At the talkies, and lasting chews,
And sunny posts where a man can loaf
—Not gossip—but hear the news.

I have no more to say—under five guineas—of the 'Varsity man, except that there is only one time when he is more irritating than at others—when he is the typical 'Varsity man.



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Essay on Bridge

Heavy Thinking Between the Rubbers.

By S.L.R.

"IF you had had one more spade—" began our hostess, thoughtfully dealing the blue pack.

My thoughts wandered.

If—I thought. If the laws of chance were understood, we could have no Bridge, which would be bad enough. But, I pursued, the consequences of such a discovery would be more far-reaching: the plague of certainty would infect many many things. One would know the likelihood to a hair's breadth of Her changing her mind; indeed, all the myriad machinations that are carried on behind the disarming dimple, all would be known. The excitement would go out of life.

Nothing could "happen." Indeed, we should know what was going to be at any given moment; that everything in the world had been pre-ordained must become an absurdly obvious axiom.

All of this (I decided) is rather startling; but some day (or more probably some dim mid-night) the great laws *will* be discovered. Mathematicians, theologians, philosophers, and poets, all are striving towards what they mean by Truth: some day the laws, not the laws of chance, but the great all-embracing

laws, the Great Law perhaps, will be discovered. What this means, I do not know: it brings us to the millenium, it may bring us to Doomsday.

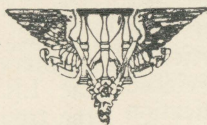
Old Bacon had the idea, but the Great Law will bind together more than the entirety of Knowledge, it will bind all those infinite worlds beyond knowledge, all those things which men attribute to the wanderings of the "subconscious mind," or to the workings of "supernatural forces." All these names—compromising between ignorance and desire to know—will be gone. All is explained.

I should not dare predict what the world will be like. Religion would tell us one thing (were we to ask its dream of such a future), science, perhaps, another, and we should have an answer for every poet.

Still, it will be a pity about the Bridge, I thought as I picked up my hand. ("Two hearts," said our hostess crisply.)

There would be an end of essays, thought I by way of postscript. "Galmahra's" termly tread would die away.

I gave my entire attention to the game.



CECILY.

Night whispered unto Morning "She is fair,"
And Morning answered "Fairer far than
me,"
And breathed the lily on the scented air
"Ah would that I were half as fair as she!"
Blue violets are her eyes, her mouth a rose,
Her hair a golden cataract of fire,
And sweeter, when her fragrant lips unclosed,
Her silver voice than Hermes' tuneful lyre.
If she had walked upon the sunny sward
When Paris gave the Apple of the Fair,
Then Helen had not fled her wrathful lord
And Priam's heart had never known despair;
But dearer than these graces of an hour
Her goodness is her beauty's radiant flower.

JUNIUS.

ETERNITY IN AN HOUR —

And when I think of time and life and tide
For EVER, swinging on in ageless roll,
And lap of waters where the ice-cragged pole
Or mighty Himalaya slumber wide,
And vasty space extending, where the glide
And sickening, silent rush of suns and stars
Fills nothing of the abyss—fiery Mars
Less than a sand grain by the ocean side—
And that this lasts, for EVER. Dawning sense
Of impotence and loathing fill me through.
I long for petty pleasures, lolly pops
And children's games, the monkeys at the Zoo,
The race track, laughter, wine however bad
To keep my puny mind from going mad.

O.G.G.

'Varsity Opinions—Some Interesting Interviews.

(1) *With the President of the Women's Club.*

INTERVIEWED in the Women's Common Room last night, the President of the Women's Club denied that the Beautifying Committee had gone out of existence, due to the duty on cosmetics. Miss Iva Pallor herself was becomingly touched up with burnt cork as a sign of her support of prohibition. She showed our representative many interesting articles in the Common Room. The curtains are blue, with broken rods—to signify the state of the country's finances and to give that look of well-bred negligence, so noticeable in University women. The floor was a trifle unwashed, to remind them, she explained, of the early saints (this in deference to the students of Ethics). On asking Miss Pallor to explain the odour arising from the kitchen drain, she replied that it was to inspire some women students to take a course in engineering. The congoeum on the massive tables, she explained, was to remind one of the benefits of foreign travel.

Particularly was I impressed with the milk jug, placed immediately above the garbage tin. Miss Pallor informed me that as milk represented "purity," it could not have its container below the tin, and on ethical principles was placed above it.

I cannot help but express my admiration for the arrangements shown to me by Miss Iva Pallor—everything has its particular purpose and inspiration. I feel convinced that this quiet and thoughtful domestication of University women will have a big effect upon home life.

(2) *With the Secretary of the Committee of Ways and Means for Raising Money.*

Mr. Spendless denied, in a special interview, that money was to be raised by investing it in sausage that tends to get higher every day. He also denied that it was to be sent up in a balloon or suspended from the Town Hall tower. The money question, he pointed out, was becoming more complicated. Should England and Australia become bankrupt, he doubted the ability of the Union to stand the strain. That the Union had been

approached by the Loan Council to arrange Government accommodation was denied. Mr. Spendless enumerated many interesting economical propositions. He explained that the Union could only balance its budget by means of a floating debt and a sinking fund.

By this time Mr. Spendless was talking in the clouds above our heads—we sank.

(3) *With the Secretary of the Agricultural Students' Society.*

Mr. A. Seeds, in an interview, explained that the beasties in the grass near the Men's Common Room were greenheads—a species of ant—and not fleas, as previously suggested. That he had been approached by the secretary of the Men's Club with a view to approaching his society with a view to approaching the ants with a view to the removal of their quarters was not denied. He admitted the ants were objectionable because of their removal of parts of other people's quarters, but explained that the Medical Students desired to retain them, as an examination of their bodies enabled them to make a comprehensive survey of the blood within the University. To the suggestion that the ants were doing a grievous wrong, he replied that students should turn the other cheek.

(4) *With the Secretary of the International Relations Club.*

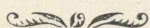
Interviewed yesterday, the secretary of the I.R.C. repudiated the suggestion that the troubles in Manchuria were due to the activities of his organisation. He was not prepared to deny, however, that the I.R.C. had been asked to mediate upon the matter. Mr. A. M. Bush pointed out that the development of a doctrine, entirely his own, prevented such interference. The development of the doctrine had enabled the Club to entirely eliminate war. "War," he said, "may be defined as a struggle other than one of an internal nature." His doctrine was to regard Asia as a complete whole as far as the Manchurian troubles were concerned, and thus no war existed. The extension of this idea making the world a complete unit

forced upon one the conclusion that all struggles were internal, i.e., re the world, and thus the I.R.C. had established a fact that had troubled humanity for 2,000 years, i.e., that war should be no more.

(5) *With the Secretary of the Building and Grounds Committee.*

The secretary of this committee expressed doubts to our representative as to the future

existence of St. Lucia. He pointed out that the fact that the river was on the bend at the spot made it likely that should it reform the future site of the University would be wiped out. He mentioned that the various uplifting bodies and the churches had been asked not to do anything in the matter at this point.



Vestibularia

Mr. O'Connor, who lectures here, is a proud father.

Jessie White has taken up Scottish folk lore as a supplement to marriage, and is doing some work for Mrs. Ernest Banks.

Mrs. Trigge and Mrs. Golden (Lockington) have earned our congratulations by producing a daughter and a son respectively.

One of the less obvious benefits of the depression in England is that Dorothy Hill, with geological intentions, has been able to buy a car for £8.

Andy Thompson has moved his headquarters to Armidale.

Sandy Trout is back with us again.

Len and Ruby Fisher have also returned from England.

Dr. Ruth Griffiths has been awarded the Carnegie Fellowship. We offer her our congratulations.

Bill Young has gone to South Johnstone Mill for the rat poisoning season.

Ursula McConnel has gone a long way away to study the habits of the Australian aboriginal. She has won a Fellowship to Yale.

The latest news about Jack Watson is that he has bought a house in London.

Dave Atherton is engaged to Florence Kelly.

Dorothy Sparks has gone all the way to England to marry.

Noela Harris and Knox Denmead are engaged.

Francis Roland announces her intention of becoming Mrs. Norman Pinwell, and Ronald Sinclair also intends to enter the holy state of matrimony.

Then there is the engagement of Walter Harrison to Marjorie Hopkins. More congratulations!

Such a deluge of good intentions has rather overcome the editorial staff, who feel that they should make this a special wedding-bell issue.

Lines on Reading Poetry as Dessert to a Heavy Meal of Freud's "Psycho-Analysis"

In nineteen-dash
A poet wrote
And his tortured song was **rash** . . .
Exquisitely suggestive

And I
Was a little, little boy,
My mother's joy,
The apple of a fond, paternal eye.

In nineteen-dash,
Who would have thought
That in my infant brain, the **hash**
Was **positively festive**?

And I
A little, little boy,
My mother's joy,
The apple of a fond paternal eye!

S.L.R.

Student Benefactions

FOR the first time since the adoption of the Student Benefactions plan, no report appeared in the "Galmahra" number issued last term. In order to avoid a break in the continuous record of the plan, this report will cover the whole time intervening.

The respective totals in all funds on last Degree Day and on the 30th September, 1931, were as follows:—

Library	£259	5	4	£262	14	10
Arts	92	2	3	98	16	3
Science	41	2	0	42	1	3
Engineering	58	18	6	65	8	3
Law	13	16	4	14	1	10
Commerce	2	7	0	2	7	0
Agriculture	10	18	6	12	0	0
Union	112	8	11	115	8	11
Sports	44	9	11	45	9	2
Evg. and Extl.						
Students	—			8	18	3
Specified Gifts	193	12	10	199	5	10
Unspecified	—			6	13	6
Total	£829	1	7	£873	15	10

In addition, gifts in kind represent an amount of £428.

The general total on Degree Day 1930 was £741/19/10, so that the gain for the year 1930-31 was £87/1/9, made up as follows:—

Gifts from 25 Student Benefactors	£40	12	0
Sundry Collections and Small Surpluses	1	10	0
Interest on Incomplete Funds	23	19	9
Special Gifts from the Warden and ex-Warden	21	0	0
Total	£87	1	9

It will be seen that the number of individual gifts received last year was small. No doubt these are difficult times for most people, and this accounts in part for the smallness of last year's effective increase—the lowest so far for any one year, although it includes an appreciable amount from interest on past gifts. But when it is considered that not the amount of the gifts but

the number of student givers is the index to the "health" of the plan, the result seems disappointing.

There are however many encouraging signs in other directions.

At the Degree Day Dinner and Dance one of the excellent posters displayed suggested the significance of Student Benefactions. It showed a flaming torch, which was being passed from one student to another, and bore the legend from the University song: "Pass the Torch Eternal!" It is hoped shortly to have this design reproduced in modified form as the Student Benefactions' bookplate. Such a design and plate for marking all student gifts is long overdue. The non-fulfilment of an offer made some years ago to provide this design has been the main cause of the delay.

The Union Council were hoping to place the profit on the dinner and dance to S.B. funds, but decided, in view of the financial situation, to defer decision till the end of the Union year now approaching. In this matter the will may be taken for the deed, for the interest which is suggested and maintained thereby is even more essential than the gift itself.

The next point is that the Faculty of Arts Capital Fund has now become operative, having reached the necessary minimum capital to allow the interest to be used yearly, beginning in 1932. The actual amount given to date is £98/16/3, but this is enough to purchase £100 Commonwealth Bonds and to leave a nucleus for piling up the second century. The Engineering Fund comes next. Congratulations to both Faculties!

Congratulations also to the Evening and External Students' Association for founding a new fund. The profits of £8/18/3 on the Association dance have been handed over to initiate a general fund for University objects, particularly those benefiting evening and external students.

The Fryer Library of Australian Literature has now 235 books. Some very necessary and scarce items were picked up in Sydney last August. Another source of

growth is the "odd" book, handed over frequently with the apologetic query: "Is this of any use to the Australian Library? It will be better there than lying about at home." The library has also received from the University a large framed portrait of Lieut. Fryer, and an appreciation of him as a student written by a friend and fellow student.

Other gifts received recently have a variety of interest. A Graduate has given the first volume of the "History of Music," illustrated by phonograph records, which has been written by Dr. Percy Scholes for the Oxford University Press. Already this gift has been extremely useful in two lecture courses. The second volume of the history has just appeared, and is stated by critics to be better than the first.

Two amounts received represent the proceeds of bridge parties arranged by an Undergraduate. The initiative displayed here is valuable for two reasons. It comes from the student and it brings the opportunity of the S.B. plan definitely before a

number of students. Secondly, it allows the individual who is interested but not financially able to take the opportunity it may be for some years to come, to contribute a little at once. The amounts realised were 7/- and £2/10/-.

Finally, the last gifts received were both from External Students, one of whom has not actually attended the University but appreciates what it is able to give at a distance. In the other case certain fees had been paid in error; when the error was discovered the student allotted the amount (£5/12/-) to the Arts Fund. This is an approximate statement only: the exact truth would make the gift appear still more striking as an evidence of University spirit.

Degree Day is to come early in first term next year. In the odd five months between there falls the opportunity of Graduands and of young Graduates of the past few years to show interest in Student Benefactions. The initiative is with them, and with all student representatives and committees, whether for individual action or combined planning.



TWILIGHT.

The mantle of night is shading
The blue of the distant hills,
Where the songs of birds are fading
O'er the darkening rills.

The stream will be lapped in slumber,
Quietly murm'ring along;
But grief has o'erwhelmed the number
And the lilt of my song.

Love of a man and a maiden
Increasing as night draws near,
This is the grief has o'erladen
My song with a tear.

M. DE VISME GIPPS.

FAIRY INVITATION.

Stealing by forbidden meadows,
Children, children, stay with me—
Fairy rings and dancing shadows,
All the world is gay and free.

See the Jack o' Lantern gleaming
As the curtained night steals by;
Come where fairy light is streaming
Opalescent from on high.

Children, here forget your sorrows,
Come and dance awhile with me—
They have many more to-morrows;
This night share my revelry.

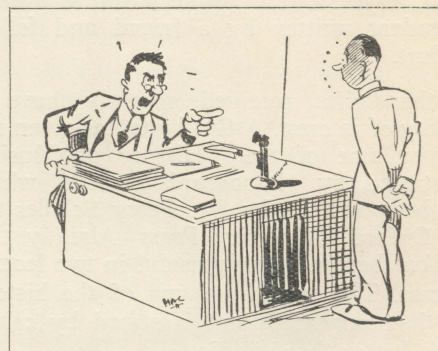
M. DE VISME GIPPS.

"Art in the University"

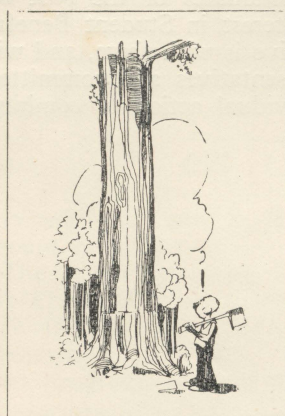
A remarkable series of drawings have come to hand from the able pen of Ivor Kink. His allegorical sketches cannot fail to rouse enthusiasm. A comprehensive selection of his work representing 'Varsity life is found below.



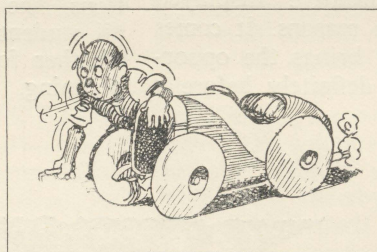
Studies of St. Lucia.—No. 1.



Interview with a Dean.



Studies of St. Lucia.—No. 2.



A Prominent Historian.—No. 1.



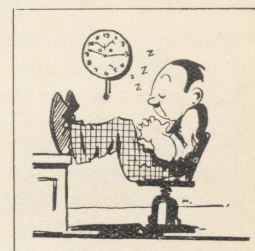
Interview with the Registrar.



Professor contemplating Student (allegorical).



A Prominent Historian.—No. 2.



Stew Vac.



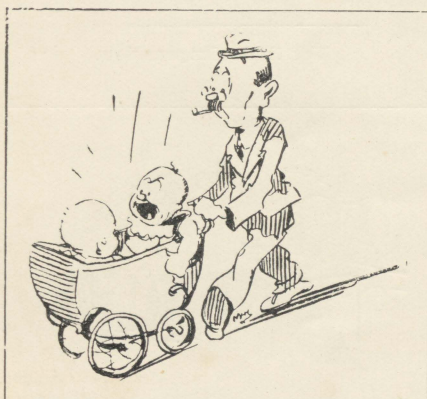
Walter and Student (allegorical).



Women's College by Moonlight.



Student Benefaction Committee-woman.



Professor on Vacation.



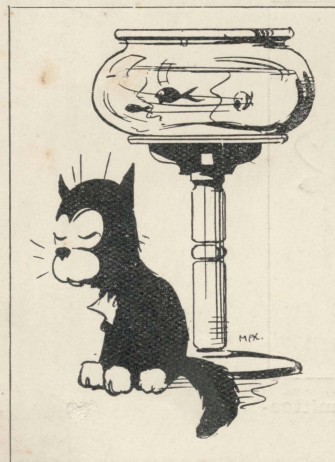
Librarian and Student (allegorical).



Long Vacation.



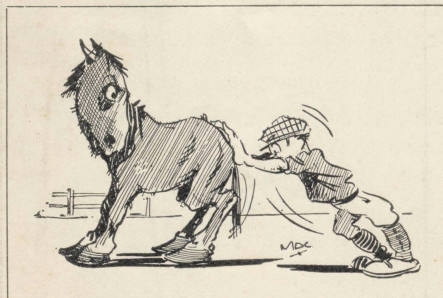
Professor and Student
(allegorical).



Second Term (allegorical).



Vestibule Impression.



Picture of a Tutor.



Office Scene.

University Societies

WOMEN'S CLUB.

In the Main Hall on July 24th the Women's Club held its third function this year. This was a social evening, at which the Club entertained women prominent in social work in Brisbane and those closely connected with the University.

The programme included a competition and musical, vocal, and elocutionary items. The attendance was very large, and the evening most successful.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Club held in the Common Room on September 21st, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Patroness, Mrs. F. W. Robinson; President, Miss Margaret Julius; Vice-President, Miss Helen Munro; Secretary, Miss Elsie Harwood.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

"Michael and Mary" was produced at Cremorne Theatre on the night of Saturday, 1st August. It was most successful. The producers (Professor Stable and Mr. Harold Kyng) are to be congratulated and thanked by the members of the Society, and the players too are to be heartily patted on their respective backs.

The attendance of Undergraduates was most pleasing and a great increase on that of 1930. We thank the ushers, also. Sweets were sold by the U.Q.W.H.C.

The cast included Miss James, Mr. Hyde, Miss Reid, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Williams, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Schaefer, Mr. H. Russell, Miss Callaghan, Miss Francis, Mr. Morris.

At the Annual General Meeting held at the University on the 25th September, the following officers were elected: President, Professor Stable; Vice-Presidents, Mr. R. J. H. Risson and Mr. R. K. Macpherson; Hon. Sec., Mr. H. A. Whitehouse; Hon. Treas., Mr. H. Russell; Additional Members, Miss Julius, Miss James, Mr. S. L. Russell.

EVANGELICAL UNION.

Our progress this term has been quiet but steady. The Bible Study Circles have been particularly encouraging, studies being conducted weekly by each of the members in turn. The discussions have been free and the study book has afforded us much profit.

Since last issue we have had three public meetings, the speakers being Mr. Alexander Brown, of the C.S.S.M., and Rev. B. Frederick. Both Rev. Alexander Fraser, of Aberdeen, and Rt. Revd. Bishop Mowll, of Western China, were unable to speak at their scheduled meetings to our great regret.

The activity for this term is being centred on the study circles.

The prayer meetings have been held regularly. Terminal inter-'Varsity prayer circulars have kept us in vital contact with the E.U.'s of the other States.

Throughout the year we have distributed the Terminal Magazine of the British Inter-'Varsity Fellowship, and these have kept us acquainted with the doings overseas.

Prospects for next year are promising and, with an increased membership, we are hoping for bigger things.

To those who are seeing their last 'Varsity year, the E.U. wishes good success in every future venture.

The Annual General Meeting will be held shortly.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

This term the activities of the Musical Society have been nil. Owing to the depletion of members it was not possible to give the proposed concert.

Next year it is hoped that greater numbers will be found amongst the "freshers," and that the general "don't care" feeling about which so many club secretaries are complaining this year will, together with the financial depression, clear away.

In conclusion, the Committee would like to place on record its appreciation of Mr. Irving's efforts as conductor.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The Society wound up its year, as usual, with a violin recital by Mr. Eric Hayne. Mr. Hayne, who was assisted by Miss Gwendo Paul, played on for some time after two o'clock to the great pleasure of those who had not the misfortune to be scientists.

Other lectures were given by Dr. Robertson on "Modern Surgery" and by Mr. Doug. Henderson on "Gliders." It is safe to say that Dr. Robertson opened our eyes a great deal. Mr. Henderson was most interesting on the behaviour of gliders both in captivity and running wild.

The Annual General Meeting was generally voted to be as entertaining as any lecture. The election of officers resulted: President: Mr. H. Hiley; Vice-Presidents: Dr. F. W. Whitehouse, Miss M. McCullough, Mr. R. Jay; Secretary, Mr. W. Mahoney; Committee, Miss P. Wilson, Mr. L. G. Fraser, Mr. H. Whitehouse.

MEN'S CLUB.

The Annual Fancy Dress Dance took place in the Main Hall on September 5th. The dress was not restricted to any particular subject, as was the case last year. The attendance was quite a large one, and some of the dresses were really excellent. The originality of present undergraduates is not altogether dead as some critics would have us believe.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held in the Common Room on Friday, 5th September. The Officers for next year are:—President, Mr. J. R. A. Walker; Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Murray; Secretary, Mr. W. G. Draper; Committeemen, Messrs. H. F. McGrath, E. J. Channer, and J. Richards.

The Annual Dinner will take place in November as usual. This is the last 'Varsity function of the year and not the least important.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Second Term was occupied by debates on every available Friday night and attendances continued well up to standard. We were successful in holding a debate on the

night of St. John's College At Home, which is usually rather difficult to accomplish.

Brisbane was visited during Second Term by a team of debaters from the Combined Universities of Oregon, U.S.A., who debated against teams from the Queensland Debating Societies Union in the City Hall on Friday, 26th July, and again in the Y.M.C.A. rooms on the following Tuesday night.

The University played a small part in the entertaining of the team, but this was more than repaid by the visit of this team to debate against the University team in a lunch-hour debate on the subject—"That this House disapproves of the rising generation." The Americans, Mr. Pfaff, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Miller, entertained a large crowd in the Geology Theatre on this subject, and our own team, Mr. Tritton, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Mahoney, though defeated, nobly carried out their share. Our thanks are due to Dr. Whitehouse, who adjudicated, capping an enjoyable time with perhaps the most entertaining speech of all.

Before the Queensland team left for the Inter-'Varsity debates at Melbourne during second vacation, they debated against a team kindly sent down by the Queensland Debating Societies Union on the subject, "That Democracy is a failure." They were successful by a margin of only two points. Professor Alcock adjudicated, and we are grateful for his helpful comments.

An effort was made to get another outside debate on the subject set down for the final debate in Melbourne, but it failed owing to lack of time.

The team which went to Melbourne was most unfortunate in losing the services of Mr. Tritton, who fell ill during his stay, and was thus unable to debate. Mr. J. Pasquarelli was found to fill the vacancy, and performed well indeed. Mr. Mahoney, arriving in Melbourne on the day of the debate, found himself forced to take the leadership. Though our team did well, Sydney carried too many guns and we were forced to strike our colours. Sydney proved finally to be the winners of the series.

At the conference which followed the series, it was decided that next year the

debates will be held in Brisbane, so it behoves us to be on our mettle. The question of allowing women speakers to take part in Inter-'Varsity debating was settled. In future, women speakers are allowed, unless the home University give notice in writing three months prior to the time settled upon for the series.

The activities of the Society for the year 1930-1 will close on Friday, 2nd October, when the Annual General Meeting will be held.

EVENING AND EXTERNAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Third term and work brings to a close a very successful year for this Association. The activities this year included a Freshers' Welcome in first term, while later activities were a dance at Lennon's and, of course, the Annual Ball, which was voted a huge success by all.

The membership this year was creditable and showed an increasing interest by Evening and External Students in Union and University affairs. We close the year with confidence that this interest will be maintained and increased next year.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

The library now contains some forty books on international subjects, all up-to-date and written by the leading authorities on the subject. The library is for the use of anyone who wishes to read up these topics, and is certainly the best available source for such study.

Activities for this term were confined to a lecture by Mr. J. B. Brigden on the International Economic Crisis. This was most helpful in giving some coherence to our ideas on this subject, and we heartily thank Mr. Brigden for his willing assistance.

The Annual General Meeting was held on 25th September, on the same night as Mr. Brigden's address. The election of officers resulted: President, Mr. R. Jay; Vice-President, Mr. D. McCawley; Secretary, Miss M. McCullough.

SPORTS UNION.

The constituent clubs of the Sports Union have again been most active, and if their efforts have not always been successful their existence has certainly been justified by the keenness shown.

The Swimming Club awoke this year after a long sleep and held a successful carnival on April 15th.

At the Annual Athletic Sports in May, Mr. R. Hayes won the Wilkinson Cup, which is competed for every year.

The Australian Universities' Boat Race took place on the Hamilton Reach in June. The race was won by Sydney by nine lengths. Melbourne defeated Queensland by three-quarters of a length.

The Football Club has again been most successful. Three of its members represented Australia on the New Zealand tour. A team which travelled to Melbourne in Second Vacation defeated Sydney University and was only narrowly beaten by Melbourne. Once again the 'Varsity Club captured the Metropolitan Championship.

This year the Steele Cup for Inter-Faculty Sport has been won by the Engineers. The competition for the Baxter Cup has yet to be decided.

An effort is being made to standardise sports uniforms worn by University teams. To quote a famous coach, "If you aren't a team at least you should look like one."

During the year the design of the Blue Pocket was altered slightly. The shape of the shield and scroll is now the same as that on the University Badge. The design of a "half blue" was completed in second term, and the award of this distinction will now have some meaning. The Half-Blue Pocket consists of the shield and cross, with the motto in a ring surrounding the shield. The design is the same as the University Seal.

The Blues for 1931 have not yet been awarded, so that names cannot be published in this issue of "Galmahra." To those who are successful in winning them we tender our heartiest congratulations.

In conclusion the Sports Union desires to thank the executives of the various clubs, whose co-operation has made the year run so smoothly from the point of view of administration.

University Sport

U.Q.R.U. FOOTBALL.

When G.P.S. Old Boys defeated Y.M.C.A. 20-17 and Brothers defeated University 10-9 in the semi-finals, the two winning teams were left to play off the final match, University having the right to challenge the winning team. On Saturday, September 12th, University, by defeating G. P. S. Old Boys 16-15 in the Grand Final, retained the Premiership and Shield. This is the fourth year in succession these honours have come to the University. In addition we are the proud possessors of the Walker and Hall Cup for the first round and the Old Buffers' Cup. This trophy was held by the Y.M.C.A. for two years in succession, Y.M.C.A. defeating University in a memorable game at New Farm Park last year. Strangely enough, University played Y.M.C.A. again this year for the Old Buffers' Cup. Thus the "A" team won all the honours, a record any team should be justly proud of. The different trophies will be presented at an official welcome to the Queensland representatives who are touring New Zealand.

During the season the "A" team played 17 games. In the fixtures three games were lost and one game drawn. In the first round University suffered one defeat, out of four games, by Y.M.C.A. In the first premiership round we won every game, losing two games to Brothers in the second premiership round. Vincent scored the greatest number of points during the season—not only for his team, but as against all players, his score being in the vicinity of 187 for fixtures.

When Brisbane met Combined Country in Brisbane on May 9th, Jim Clark, Hamilton, Vincent, W. G. White, and Whyatt played for the home team. Foote had been selected. Unfortunately he injured his wrist and was unable to play. Jim Clark, W. G. White, and Whyatt played for Queensland in the first Inter-State match. In the second Inter-State game on June 6th, Jim and Phil Clark, Vincent, and W. G. White were included in this team. McGuire was a reserve man. Whyatt was unavailable on account of an injury. Foote, Jim and Phil Clark, Vincent, and W. G. White went to Toowoomba on June 27th to play for Brisbane in the Brisbane v. Combined Country

match, Whyatt being amongst the reserves. When the return match was played, Foote, Jim and Phil Clark, and Whyatt were amongst the players. Vincent and W. G. White were selected to play and had to decline. Jim and Phil Clark and Whyatt went to New South Wales with the Queensland team, and Jim Clark was chosen as vice-captain. We were not surprised when the three abovementioned players were selected for the New Zealand tour. W. G. White and Vincent were unable to make the New South Wales trip on account of their studies. If they had played in Sydney they would have had no trouble in finding their way into the Wallaby team.

On August 12th University played a Secondary School team.

Probably one of the most important events during the year was the trip to Melbourne during the second vacation. Channer was elected captain and manager. Next year the contests will be held in Brisbane during the first vacation.

Our men speak in glowing terms of the hospitality extended. Next year we will have an opportunity of entertaining both teams. A very high standard was set by the Boat Club this year.

In the contests we defeated Sydney 16-14 and lost to Melbourne 26-23. In the Combined Universities v. Victoria we were represented by Foote, Channer, Vincent, W. G. White, and Vidgen. McGuire was a reserve man. W. G. White was recommended for an Australian Blue.

Much of the success which has come through the "A" team is due, in no small measure, to the continued loyalty shown by the "B" team. The latter team is entitled to a share in the honours. Again and again the call went to the "B" team to fill gaps in the "A" team.

No game was lost until June 3rd, and until towards the end of the season the team held its own. 15 games were played, 9 were won, 5 lost, and 1 game drawn. In addition, some very big scores stand to the "B" team's credit. When players were being mustered for the Melbourne trip, "B" grade players came to the front and filled seven places in the team.

Next year an endeavour should be made to field a "C" grade team. This would be a material help to the "B" team. It would also create a greater love for the game and prevent many "freshers" and others who regard football as the only game worth while from becoming disinterested in sport.

During the season the Club held two successful dances at Lennon's Hotel. Next year these functions should be more frequent. We will require money to entertain our visitors, besides bringing players into personal contact with each other.

Next year will be a big year for the University, and players are reminded that the Annual General Meeting will be held during the first week of First Term.

U.Q.C.C.

It has been a great disappointment to members of this Club to learn that we have been restricted to two teams this season. This means that there will be much competition over the few places that are to be filled.

Members are strongly advised not to be discouraged if they are not selected for the first or second matches, as there are always players required over the long vacation.

The "A" team is weakened by the severe loss of Undergraduate members, and it will need constant practice on the part of the "new old" players, if the standard of past years is to be maintained.

The "B" team has the better promise, and with the unflagging support of members it should gain greater honour than its prototype.

Since the above has been written, the cricket season has begun. Mr. T. J. Bale was re-elected captain of the "A" grade side. Winning the toss, he sent Toombul in, only to see them rattle up a score of 281. T. H. Strong, with 5 for 62, was our best bowler. The "B" side did better, their total approaching 300. G. W. Vincent made 94, while B. H. Martin topped the half-century. B. H. Martin was elected captain of the "B" grade side.

BOAT CLUB.

On Saturday, 1st August, the Inter-College race was rowed upstream on the bridge reach. The places at the finish were as follows: Extra Collegiates, Emmanuel, John's, King's, St. Leo's.

The race was very close indeed, the best for some years. Emmanuel led all the way, Extra's just passing them in the last 100 yards. John's put in a fine spurt at the finish, coming just behind Emmanuel.

The maiden eight is now training under the coaching of Rev. Mervyn Henderson, and is going well. Last Saturday they gained a second to G.P.S. in the maiden eight race at the M.D.R.A. regatta.

The Club is holding a Ladies' Coxwains' Regatta on Wednesday, 30th. Entries are coming in fast and we expect some fun.

HOCKEY CLUB.

Perhaps the Hockey Club can lay claim to having experienced the most unfortunate Inter-Varsity Carnival of its history. Early in the season the team promised to be exceptionally strong, but as member after member became unavailable, prospects became less bright. However, when one member was injured two days before our departure and we had to leave with only eleven players, we hoped that we had had our share. However, the pivot of the forward lines was injured in Lismore and, though he gallantly carried on, the attack was much weakened.

As Adelaide did not participate this year, there were only two matches in Sydney. In the first game against Sydney, Queensland made a good showing, and for most of the game appeared quite the equals of the Blue and Gold men. A draw seemed the likely result late in the second half, when Sydney led 3—2 and Queensland was storming repeatedly. However, Sydney's backs managed to keep their goal, and in the last minute the Sydney captain registered their fourth goal. Lost 4—2. Goals by O. J. Bell and W. A. Mahoney.

Whereas in the Sydney game, Queensland's strength had been in great measure shown in the halves, these positions were weakest against Melbourne, and the Black and Blue wingers started many scoring movements, till at half-time the scores stood 5—0. Perhaps it was due to the bustling methods of the Melbourne men, but somehow the defence was right off its game. However, in the second half the Maroon and Blue was more in the picture, and both sides registered two goals. The team was thankful at the finish of the match that Adelaide had not been able to make the trip. Goals by I. L. B. Henderson and B. P. Mahoney.

Ivo Henderson was the only member to gain selection in the first A.U.S.A. team, though D. B. Vallance was emergency. In

the second team S. T. Blake and W. A. Mahoney secured places—our congratulations to these members.

The thanks of the Club are due to the Far North Coast Hockey Association for the magnificent way in which they entertained the team on its visit there. A hard fought game resulted in a draw, one all—Ivo Henderson scoring; but at least some of our members proved winners that night. However, that's another story.

Teams proved hard to collect when the team returned to Brisbane, and the first match had to be forfeited. A draw and a loss in the remaining games sufficiently speak of the weakness of the teams which did take the field.



"STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN"

Terror sweet thy darling presence bringeth.
I am silent while my fond heart wildly singeth,
Scarce can I bear the love thy glances
wingeth;

Frenzied, I languish.

Mute, my parched tongue to my palate
cleaveth,
Swift, the wine of love through my body
weaveth
Fiery enchantment, that ne'er my senses,
leaveth;

Faintness falleth o'er me.

Shaken, trembling, strange with nameless
yearning,

New, with an exalted lore that needs no
learning,

I fly to thine arms, whence there is no return-
ing;

Ecstasy stormeth within me.

I have loved the dreaming hills, the sea-
washed shore,

The pale gold haze of heat, the winter's frore.

The ardour of the wind, the summer calm,

The bud and blossom of the trees, earth's
balm:

And I have loved the glory of the fight

In Beauty's service, virtue's high delight;

I've loved the call and climb to better things,

The noble thoughts, which give to Man strong
wings,

The faithful souls who know not they are
few--

These have I loved, because I loved you.

MIAN MITTU.

The editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a number of Exchanges, and trusts the editors of such magazines have received copies of "Galmabra."

